THE

REPROOF OF BRUTUS.

HOMINEM [illegible] NOSTRA [illegible]

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PREFACE.

INTENDING to compose a few lines to prefix to a work * preparing for publication, I found myself so far led on by the subject, that it proved too long for my original intention. I therefore resolved to extend it, and to publish it in a separate form.

I could not but feel gratified by the commendations bestowed upon my former Essay, † as it convinced me, that the attempt to give some attraction to an unpopular but most interesting and highly important subject

* "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century, or Colloquies on the Errors and Improvement of Society."

† "The Revolt of the Bees."

had not altogether failed of success. Those who honored that performance with their notice may, by this time, have discovered reasons to regret their very prematurely passing judgment upon the cause it advocated. The absolute necessity for adopting the measures therein recommended, is now become imperative, and any further delay must be fraught with the most serious and alarming consequences.

The late numbers of the *Quarterly Review* have contained articles giving a faithful and striking description of the miserable condition of the peasantry, and of the working classes in general. At length the true cause of their distress is recognised, and the remedies proposed are of course more applicable to the nature and urgency of the case. As yet the writers have not discovered, that the difficulties which press on all the other classes of society have their origin in the same source; and that when those are located who are at present destitute, scientific power * will still continue

* Besides the articles on the employment of Machinery alluded to in the text, the following remarks upon Absentees appear in the January number of the *Quarterly Review*.—

to drive others out of employment, to reduce to a minimum the wages of those who remain, and to render a profitable application of capital more and more difficult.

Small is the number of those who now have any confidence in those petty expedients, originating in mis-

" The conduct of those who go for pleasure, and they are in reality by far the largest portion of the whole, appears to us to deserve the severest reprehension. Many of them abandon the most important duties, which, as land-owners, magistrates, heads of families, or members of society, they can be called on to perform; and most of them, instead of endeavouring to copy only the useful and elegant accomplishments of the people among whom they sojourned, have fallen into an imitation of other qualifications, of more easy, but much less honorable acquisition."

Again :—" If they had thought fit to transfer themselves and their fortunes altogether to another land, they had a perfect right to do so; but while they continue to possess land or goods here, which have been secured at an enormous cost, it certainly seems unreasonable that they should be permitted to withdraw themselves from those burdens by which that security has been purchased. The number of English settled in the Netherlands, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, is supposed to exceed one hundred thousand, drawing from the country not less than five millions annually—a sum so large, that if, instead of being scattered among strangers, it were spent in the deserted halls and mansions of these islands, it would materially alleviate the distress with which we have been struggling."

taken opinions as to the actual cause of the accumulating disorders of society.

However financial operations, a change of currency, and other political regulations may in a small degree occasion a temporary aggravation of the evil, they are totally inadequate to account for that general commercial distress which is felt not only throughout this country, but extends over Europe, India, and the two Americas.

In comtemplating the history of our species, there is no fact more striking than this:—that in every period of extraordinary difficulty has arisen some individual whose elevation of mind, towering far above his contemporaries, has discovered the source of their miseries, and, sustained by the energies of his genius, conducted them into untravelled paths of improvement.

But in these our days a new class has sprung up, who, although more deeply imbued than others with the errors of the age in which they live, have complimented each other into a belief that *they* are the chosen ones of Israel.

Ignorant of human nature, and of the first principles

of political economy, they have attempted to put together an ill-constructed system, which they dignify with the name of "Science."

While the country has for many years past been inundated with wealth, and overwhelmed by the still-increasing power of production, their sole object is to devise means for its augmentation: whether those means shall confirm the monopoly, and foster the pride and prejudices of the great, while the people are consigned to sufferings and dependence, is with them a question of subordinate consideration.

The only problem mankind require to be solved is, that of a more equitable distribution, and to this they are wholly incompetent.

They have latterly formed themselves into a club; and although there are one or two points upon which they are agreed, but which happen to be errors, they exhibit a most heterogeneous compound of opinions; and notwithstanding this concentration of all their talents, they have been unable to emit one single ray of genius.

D'Israeli has admirably characterised this sect, and

his faithful picture I have copied in another work ; *
but in the last edition of the *Literary Character,* he
has excepted Mr. Malthus, in consequence of discovering a passage that seemed to exempt him from merited castigation. Mr. Malthus may be quoted for all sorts of opinions, not merely in one edition of his works as compared with its predecessors, but in the same edition may be found the various arguments of both sides of a question so nicely balanced, and with a decision so guarded, that it is difficult to discern what he admits or what he denies. A more contradictory writer is no where to be found ; and so far from his works possessing any just claims to exception, in the condemnation of this self-complacent club, he merits the reproachful epithets of D'Israeli in a more eminent degree.

As if the Population Theory had not done enough in restraining the hand of benevolence, and in reconciling the rich to the supposed necessity of poverty in the midst of super-abundance, Mr. M'Culloch hastens across the Tweed to inform us that the condition of the Irish

* "Revolt of the Bees," large paper, p. 235.

peasantry is not rendered worse by the absence of the nobility and gentry. His laboured arguments were successfully refuted by Lord Saltoun,* who however in his turn, while dissipating some errors, endeavours more firmly to establish others. "The Great Dispenser of all blessings," says his Lordship, "being also the author of the unequal conditions of men," &c. This may with some be a catholic doctrine, of which there are many similar in the same pamphlet; but to those who esteem this great inequality as the source of evil, and who are convinced that it could be removed by an omnipotent act of parliament, it appears to ascribe the remediable ills of man, and the injustice of oppression, to the fiat of the Creator.

The most important error with the Economists lies in their mistaking certain political institutions for laws of nature, and reasoning from them as axioms of science. Perceiving that competition is the principle upon which the wants of society have been hitherto supplied, and

* See a Letter to Mr. Canning by Lord Saltoun on the nature of Absenteism, p. 27.

through which so much wealth has been created, unconscious too of any other motive in themselves, they conclude that no higher or more powerful stimulus to industry, ingenuity, and enterprise can be found. But apart from their ignorance of the constitution of society most conformable with the laws of human nature, and which inductive investigation has recently brought to light, they have failed to recognise those peculiarities which distinguish the present from all past periods in the progress of mechanical invention. Their argument, derived from Adam Smith, is, that the use of machinery invariably proves beneficial to the working classes, since by reducing the cost of articles it extends consumption, and employs more hands in the manufacture than were engaged prior to its introduction. This was true at the time Adam Smith wrote, and down to a late period: it may be true now; but machinery has ceased to bring with it the employment of a greater number at an *adequate rate of wages:* for to such an extent is scientific power at this time applied, that vast numbers have been finally consigned to pauperism; and by the increased and still increasing competition to

which it gives rise, the value of every species of employment, both physical and mental, is directly or indirectly depressed.* It is in vain to say that relief is afforded in the cheapness of commodities, since their reduction is the consequence of depreciated labour, which must decline faster than the products of labour, because the supply of produce receives an occasional check from losses and failures, whereas the market of labour is unceasingly overstocked. Judges, magistrates, soldiers, placemen, and all who hold situations for life, as well as fixed annuitants, are the individuals alone who are benefited, because they are out of the reach of competition, and are enabled to purchase more enjoyments than before with the same income. The Landlord and Capitalist are not exempt from the gene-

* Mr. Sadler, in his speech upon the Address, wanted to know how over-production could occasion distress, while so many were destitute of the articles produced. Is it possible that an author, who comes forward with a new and elaborate theory of political economy, should not comprehend how manufacturers may be distressed with losses consequent upon over-stocked markets, while the multitude are distressed because they are without the means of purchasing those commodities?

ral difficulty; the former submits to frequent reductions in his rent, with the risk of losing it altogether; and the latter is at a loss to discover safe or profitable investments. A dispassionate examination of the subject will convince us, that an entire change must take place in the constitution of society in Europe, before its inhabitants can derive the incalculable advantages which this stupendous power, when directed by intelligence, is capable of conferring.

It is at all times becoming to speak with reverence of the dead, to treat even their errors with lenity, but more especially when the pernicious influence of those errors has passed away. Whether Lord Lauderdale terminated his own existence as a political economist by a violent death, on discovering that, in framing a system, the rigorous demands of truth would infringe upon the privileges of his "order" as a peer of the realm, or whether he faded away from neglect, is not precisely known: certain, however, it is, that although Lord Lauderdale as the author of *Public Wealth* may be defunct, yet Lord Lauderdale, the Baron of Thirlestane, still lives: but the politico-economical aurelian has burst

its confinement only to flutter once more the painted butterfly of a court. No longer prevented by the errors of his deserted school from recognising, when presented to him, the true principles of society, he exclaims in the impassioned language of patrician alarm, "What will become of US?"* In perusing such an objection to proposals, the realization of which is calculated to confer happiness on millions, we are naturally led to inquire who is meant by the word "US."

In an estimate of the relative numbers of the different classes in the census of 1811, in which the total of the population was 17,096,803; the number of the Royal Family and the House of Lords was 576. Heads of families, or total number of persons comprised in those

* "I do recollect, too, that one day, when I was dilating to you with great satisfaction to myself, on the numerous advantages which the working classes would derive from the new combination of favorable and virtuous circumstances which I had arranged for them, to replace the unfavorable and vicious circumstances by which they have till now been surrounded, that to my surprise and astonishment you exclaimed, as though the idea had at that moment for the first time flashed on your mind, 'I see most distinctly the independence and happiness which you have prepared for the working classes; but what is to become of us?'"—MR. OWEN'S *Letter to the* EARL OF LAUDERDALE, May 27, 1824.

families was 2880; which forms one 5936th part of the whole population. To gratify, therefore, the caprices of this insignificant fraction, the calamities of an empire are to be prolonged. And what, after all, gains this fractional "US" by the present system—Happiness? Far otherwise. Are they likely to attain it in the pursuits of fashion, gaming, intrigue, horse-racing, and the ring? in every kind of dissipation engendering pride, envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness? Let me inform his Lordship what will become of "Us," in an improved state of society. Their children from their earliest years reared under the unremitting superintendence of kindness and intelligent direction; their higher faculties cultivated, and no valuable quality of the heart or mind, or even a graceful exterior disregarded; surrounded by companions of a character truly noble, and far surpassing the power of the united excellencies of our most eminent schools and colleges to produce. Ladies of rank would then become the mothers of the Gracchi—"their sons grow up as the young plants," and their daughters "as the polished corners of the temple." And as to his Lordship, although he can

assert other claims to respect besides those which rank and years may command, I will address him in the language attributed to Lysander:—"Aiunt, solitum Lacedæmone esse honestissimum domicilium senectutis: nusquam enim tantum tribuitur ætati, nusquam est senectus honoratior."

But Mr. Peel has given to one district a new police; and instead of attempting that which belongs to his list of impossibilities, but which a more practical statesman would accomplish, a radical cure, he contents himself with driving the disease from one part of the body politic to another; and while depredations are diminishing in Westminster, they flourish luxuriantly in Surrey.

Parliament has at length assembled; and truly the debates in the Commons have amply justified the animadversions of the *Quarterly Review:* * they are be-

* "Whether it be that the House has sunk, or that the well-educated part of the community has risen, it would be difficult to maintain that, as a body, they now constitute the Chosen of the Commons of the realm, in the same sense in which they did some time ago. Let any person listen to their ordinary conversation or reasoning, or sit down to the

neath the average of talent out of the House. Sir Francis Burdett appears once more in his old character upon the stage; but like the overtures of Lord Chesterfield to Dr. Johnson, when his unaided labours were about to terminate, he has stood aloof until the distress of the people has become so deep and extensive, that even the hearts of those who are in general least mindful of their condition, have been touched with compassion. The course of events is now hastening on that relief which was in vain looked for from declamatory patriots, who cannot now retard or much accelerate the restoration of the people's rights: and Sir Francis is coming in at the eleventh hour to share in that triumph which belongs to those who have borne the burden and the heat of the day. He may again hurl the thunder of Demosthenes at those who partake less of Philip's character than himself; but in future it will

perusal of the thoughts they may have committed to writing; and they are not only found inferior to private individuals among their contemporaries, but one seldom recognises the grasp of mind and statesman-like qualities which the representatives of a free and enlightened country might be supposed to possess."—*Quarterly Review.*

be regarded and admired only for its dramatic effect. The people have now too much knowledge to be led away by high-sounding words; deeds, and deeds alone, will be the criterion by which they will test the sincerity of their friends. Foiled in his favorite object of Reform, were there no other measures of public utility, uncontaminated by party feeling, and admitting a unity of sentiment and action, which his purse could have assisted, and to which his name might have added weight and influence? Can we trace him in any walks of benevolent exertion suited to the magnitude of his fortune? Are rhetorical flourishes all that he has to offer, and must even these be reserved for display upon a conspicuous theatre? Without either their spirit or their personal sacrifices, he would fain aspire to the fame of a Sydney and a Hampden.

With what pretensions then can he bring forward a charge of apathy and ignorance against the Prime Minister? Whatever opinions may be entertained regarding the legislatorial talents of the Duke, his veracity is unquestionable; and he has stated that "No man could lament more deeply than he did, the distress that

existed."* His life passed in the field, and familiarised to the sight of human suffering to an unparalleled extent, had his feelings been less acute than others, the habits of a soldier † might have pleaded his apology. Yet, even with these disadvantages, his Grace has at least manifested quite as much sympathy for the distresses of the people as his accuser. The people are now too much enlightened to mistake contention for power, for a struggle in their behalf; and I trust they will not be diverted from their inquiry into the true and

* "When he (the Duke of Wellington) called that a partial and temporary evil, which was both long-lived and universal, he could not look on such a mournful crisis in which public misfortune was insulted by Ministerial apathy, without hailing any prospect of change in the system that produced it. If such were the callous indifference of a national ruler, what should we say to the ignorance which could attribute our distresses to the introduction of machinery—that noble improvement in the inventions of man, to which men of science and inteliigence mainly ascribe our prosperity?"—Sir Francis Burdett's *Speech*, February 5th, 1830.

† The English Law so far recognises the power of circumstances in the formation of character as to exclude from Juries, on questions of life and death, the surgeon and the butcher; I am not certain if the soldier also falls under the like exclusion: but so long as the reign of ignorance shall engender war, the profession of arms more than any other is calculated to render the individual indifferent to the sacrifice of human life.

only just principles of society, by the specious eloquence of those whose indifference or indolence has increased with their increasing poverty. They must learn to depend upon themselves.

Then as to the charge of "ignorance." Of all the speeches delivered in both Houses upon the opening of Parliament, that of the Prime Minister* defined most

* "He wanted to know if competition, both at home and abroad, in every country in the world,—if the introduction of machinery, and the general adoption of steam, were not calculated to produce distress in our manufactures? These were the circumstances to which His Majesty referred; and he begged to ask the noble Lords if they were within the control of the Legislature? Could Parliament interfere and prevent competition? Could Parliament say that there should be no improvements in machinery, and that steam should not be applied to manufactures? And yet no one could doubt that improvement in machinery, and the application of steam, threw labourers out of employment; and consequently were among the causes that produce distress."

DUKE OF WELLINGTON, February 4th, 1830.

The Duke failed to perceive that the increase in the Exports might be no indication of internal prosperity; since the manufactures exported were, through the struggles of competition, probably sold at extremely low prices, and some portion, perhaps, at a loss; while the operatives employed were, from the same cause, receiving wages barely sufficient for their subsistence.—His Grace had been misinformed as to the condition of the retail dealers, who are much distressed."

accurately the real cause of distress, when he ascribed it to machinery and competition: and Sir Francis Burdett, with the aristocracy, so long as their claim to an exclusive possession of the land is held inviolable, must admit that he was right also in declaring there was no legislative remedy. But if the Duke is as yet unacquainted with the only remedy for those evils, the cause of which he has so successfully described, who *is* acquainted with the remedy, or who is more likely to be sooner acquainted with it, than the statesman who has discovered the origin of our complicated disorders? Such is now the force of public opinion, that when once it is fully declared in favour of any measures, no minister can resist it; and as it has not been so declared, it is to be presumed that the country has no confidence in any of the measures advocated. However the Duke may have formerly distrusted his own capacity for minister, experience has probably convinced him that at all events he is equal, if not superior, to any of his contemporaries; and whenever public opinion has affixed its seal of approbation to any effectual measures, there is no man to be found whose high honour,

whose decision and firmness of character, so admirably qualify him to carry them into effect—to overcome obstacles, however formidable—and to subdue the interested and selfish opposition of any class, however powerful or exalted.

One of the themes of popular declamation with Sir Francis is, the oppression of monopolies; but what monopoly inflicts evils of such magnitude as that of land? It is the sole barrier to national prosperity. The people, the only creators of wealth, possess knowledge; they possess industry; and if they possessed land, they could set all other monopolies at defiance: they would then be enabled to employ machinery for their own benefit, and the world would behold with delight and astonishment the beneficial effects of this mighty engine, when properly directed. If Reform is to send characters congenial with that of Sir Francis to the senate, the people know how little they have to expect: if they return their real friends, the only way in which they can assist their constituents, is by breaking down that monopoly in which Sir Francis so largely participates. How much more wisdom would the Baronet display,

if, instead of weaving his theoretic schemes of Reform, he were to commence in himself the only reform of any real utility, by setting an example of timely concession to the Land-owners; * and relinquishing that portion of the soil which belongs of right to the people?

* This admonition is not applied exclusively to the Land-owners.—It applies to ALL who possess more than *their* share of the general wealth, created *by*, and immediately derived *from*, the labour of others.

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THE REPROOF OF BRUTUS.

PART I.

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THE REPROOF OF BRUTUS.

PART I

——— ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quòd nudum, et frustra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.

JUVENALIS Satira iii.

AUTHOR.

WHAT cries of famine shake the troubled air!
What loud appalling shriek of wild despair!

ATTICUS.

Now all is still—scarce heard a whispering breath,
Save the last lingering sigh of parting death.

AUTHOR.

Again bursts forth the storm of party rage,
And hostile brothers in fierce war engage;
There frantic wives in vain their husbands call,
Savagely slaughter'd in the midnight brawl.
When will this discord cease, this horrid din?
When will the halcyon days of peace begin?
Age after age has witness'd Ireland's* wrongs:
Ill-fated Isle, to thee each crime belongs,

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* Considering the natural advantages of Ireland, with its proximity and subjection to the most prosperous state in the world, the general condition of its inhabitants was, from the earliest records, unparalleled in the history of mankind. Since its union with that state, the degree of improvement or of degeneracy is sufficiently known to us all. Sir William Temple, in the year 1673, addressed a letter to the Lord Lieutenant on the advancement of trade, in which he says, "Regard must be had to those points wherein the trade of Ireland comes to interfere with any main branches of the

Whate'er misrule or brutal ignorance yields,
To blast and devastate thy fairest fields.

ATTICUS.

Ah! where thy lords, where those who claim
the soil?

AUTHOR.

And all the products of the peasant's toil?
Wandering afar through distant climes to find*

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trade of England; in which cases the encouragement of such trade ought to be either declined or moderated, and so give way to the interest of trade in England."

* The present year completes a century, since a pamphlet, containing a list of absentees from Ireland, was published by Mr. Thomas Prior; in which he states that 627,799*l.* were annually remitted to absentees. In a work published by Mr. Thomas Newenham on the population of Ireland in 1805, he calculated that the remittances at that period did not fall far short of three millions.

Some novel scene to please the vacant mind ;
To tell of all the wondrous things they saw
Along the Rhine or at the German Spa:
From Herculaneum, and Pompeii too,
They bring home curious trifles of virtù ;
At Naples hear the Signor Andoretti ;
Admire the bay—it is so vastly pretty!
Oh! how unlike the ancient godlike bands
Of patriot-heroes in those classic lands,
Whose living monuments no zeal inspire
In breasts unconscious of a kindred fire!
Much as I long to see Imperial Rome,
Content I'd sojourn in a studious home,
Than dwell unmoved where every object teems
With fairy visions of our youthful dreams ;—
Whether by Valambroso's brooks we stray,
In Arno's vale, or on the Appian Way,
Musing along Cumæa's sacred shore,
Where fancy strews the sibyl's leaves once more,

The Sabine farm, or Virgil's tomb behold,
Or where the Roman scorn'd the Samnite's
gold :
Delightful scenes, with ancient art combined
To charm and elevate the thoughtful mind !

One night, while brooding o'er my country's
fate,
The lamp expiring, and the hour late,
Wearied with lengthen'd search through hist'ry's
scroll,
A vision gently o'er my senses stole.
Methought, transported to the Latian shore,
The troubled sea retired with awful roar ;
Affrighted people, gathering on the strand,
Foreboded ruin from the trembling land ;
Then to the gates of Rome I swiftly pass'd,
Heeding no dangers from the furious blast
Of wind and hail, though peril's varied form
Conspired to swell the raging of the storm.

Mid fallen columns and th' inverted dome,
The splendid ruins of departed Rome,
Onward I went, though lightning flash'd around,
And awful thunder roll'd along the ground.
There, where the Coliseum rose sublime,
(Barbarian ravage and the waste of time
Alike surviving) in its area vast
I found, where fragments huge of stone were cast,
Seeking exemption from high heaven's decrees,
A band of little Lords, called "Absentees,"
Crouching beneath the shrubs in sad dismay,
Ardently longing for the morning's ray:
But ere th' eternal city charm'd the sight,
And gave once more its beauties to the light,
These Lords, all trembling betwixt hope and fear,
A stern but just reproof were doom'd to hear:
For when the elemental strife had ceased,
Cimmerian darkness their alarms increased:
As threaten'd woes severest pangs impart,
When guilty conscience agitates the heart;

Sudden, a flood of light was seen to glide
High on the summit of the broken side
Of th' Amphitheatre ; then a milder flame
Succeeding, show'd a vision dear to fame.
  Patriot, hero, orator, and sage,
Tribune and lictor, all the classic page
Proudly records, in glorious triumph pass'd,
With radiant splendours all around them cast :
First the tamed wolf two lovely children rode—
Mysterious origin to Rome bestow'd ;—
The Egerian nymph with Numa by her side,
Imbibing wisdom for a monarch's guide ;—
That firm undaunted race the Decii,
To save their sinking country, bravely die ;—
Inspiring haughty senators with awe,
Gracchus demands a just agrarian law ;—
The patient Fabius calumny endures,
By wise delay the victory secures ;—
Obscurely pass'd the traitor Catiline,
While Tully closely watch'd his dark design—

The graceful Tully, whose unsullied name
Shares with his country an undying fame;—
When hostile partizans appeal to arms,
Th' intestine tumult sage Agrippa calms:—
Impartial history doubtful worth ascribes
To him whose power o'erthrew the Volscian tribes—
That pride repulsive, when the people sued,
By female virtue was at length subdued;—
Marius, whose look a soldier could appall—
The dagger falling from th' astonish'd Gaul;—
The gentle Scipio; Cato the severe,
A stoic sway'd by neither love nor fear;—
Cæsar elate, the Rubicon has pass'd,
And bold defiance at the senate cast:—
Prompt to obey, at threaten'd freedom's call,
Last came the noblest Roman of them all—
Brutus the mild, who knew no private end,
And saved his country when he lost a friend:
Pausing he turn'd, and bent a serious brow
On Britain's lordlings in the space below:

Whose shrinking hearts resistless truth confess'd,
While his indignant mind was thus express'd:
" Degenerate aliens of a noble race,
What mission brought you to this sacred place—
Sacred to public worth? Oh, could you own
Virtues that gave to Rome its great renown,
Duty had then your blest existence crown'd,
And spread your vast unenvied wealth around!
Then had you prized your peaceful homes, nor
left
Your wretched slaves of every hope bereft.*

* A work displaying more analytical power, or greater perspicuity of style, is not to be found in the English language than Dr. Hall's "Effects of Civilization on the People of European States;" but, like most other publications advocating the cause of the destitute, it is scarcely known; the reason of which shall be given in his own words. Speaking of the subject of his book, he says:--"Persons of education are generally of some property, of the learned professions, or privileged orders, for whose interest it is that things should remain as they are. So far,

Once more I ask, what object call'd you thence?
T' indulge your classic taste? Ah, poor pretence!
What land more classic than where Alfred reign'd;
Where Hampden glorious liberty regain'd;
Where Shakespear sang, and tuneful Pope revived
A Homer's honors; and where Milton lived
To pour immortal strains, to strike the lyre
With power supernal and with holy fire?

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therefore, are they from investigating the matter with disinterestedness, and a real desire of discovering the truth, that they with great industry discountenance and oppose such inquiries being made by other people, and endeavour to render such truly philanthropic attempts unpopular and uncreditable; branding such writers with the odious names of innovators, levellers, &c. Hence, the state of our knowledge and practice on this subject, by far the most important to the human race, is as it was several centuries ago, and in times of the greatest ignorance and darkness." p. 228.

Haste then to Albion, and her sons console;
Nor more forget the Gods regard the whole
With equal care, nor heed superior birth
Unless ennobled by exalted worth.
But if perchance peculiar claims are found
To that beneficence which knows no bound,
Think not superior claims can rest with you,
Ye pamper'd parasites, ye tinsel few!
For know, of all the millions you oppress
With sway tyrannic, who, in deep distress
Their strength fast wasting as their years decline,
Behold with grief their famish'd offspring pine,
There is not one whom ye may most despise,
(For penury offends fastidious eyes,)
But from high heaven is seen with more concern;
His sacred misery the Gods discern.
Such are the scenes that draw compassion deep,
Such are the scenes that make e'en angels weep."*

* Dr. Hall, whose work was published in 1805, speaking of the Irish, says: "Their lean cattle are sent to all the

ATTICUS.

'Twas Autumn last, when on a genial day
Thro' Richmond's fields we bent our joyous way;

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ports of the western coast of England, Bristol channel, &c. to be fed by English graziers throughout the whole kingdom; their fat cattle are slaughtered to victual the English ships of war and merchant ships, and also for the consumption of the inhabitants of their sea-coast, and of many other parts of the world; their butter, tallow, skins, are in great part exported; and the money arising from all these things sent to the absentees and others for rent and tithes. Thus the inhabitants of the country are almost wholly deprived of the produce of the land they inhabit; and they live, if they can be said to live, on a very small part of it, by raising potatoes in corners of fields and other small unoccupied places. And here let me ask the lawyer, civilian, or divine, whether the inhabitants of a country have not a right to make use of the produce of it for their subsistence; and whether any human laws can justly prevent them from doing it. "Behold," exclaims Dr. Crump, "an Irish

The sun was up, the grass with verdure bright,
The Thames flow'd sparkling with reflected light;
Luxuriant woods, in beauteous tints array'd
Their richest robe of varied hues display'd;
The lark ascending pour'd a grateful note:
All objects seem'd conspiring to denote
Harmonious order; such our bosoms felt,
As on the glowing scene we fondly dwelt.

farmer going forth to his work, barefoot, covered with rags: behold his ruinous hovel, built of mud, covered with weeds, and pervious to every shower that falls, every pinching gale that blows; behold him seated, after his hard labour, surrounded by naked children, sharing with them his dry and scanty meal!" Thousands have no house at all to live in—but, as was observed by a member of a great assembly a few winters ago, "are seen huddling together under bridges, archways, ricks, and in any place where a shelter over head can be had."—*Dr. Hall*, p. 148.

Too soon you changed, as if a sudden thought
Back to your mind had sad reflection brought.
"Oh! that the moral world this peace could share,
"This joy and beauty! O! that man could wear
"A heart responsive to this heavenly scene!
"Then would a paradise on earth be seen."
Such were your words; and then, in spirit mild,
You spoke of man as of a wayward child;
Imputed all his errors to the schools,
To institutions and fallacious rules;
Pardon'd alike the peasant and the peer:
But now you censure in a tone severe.

AUTHOR.

Hold, hold, my friend! it was not I who spoke,
But Marcus Brutus:—from my trance I woke,
And thought with grief upon my country's woes,
And whence such complicated misery flows.

I look'd around, beheld unbounded wealth,
And ample skill to give the body health;
Recorded knowledge of all ages past;
Experience dearly earn'd by labours vast:
But yet, from all these rich materials, none
Th' inductive code of moral truths had won;
Disease and penury oppress'd mankind,
And folly triumph'd o'er the prostrate mind.

ATTICUS.

Alas, too true! Can you define the cause
Why man has miss'd so long kind nature's laws?
With so much wealth why poverty is found,
And why with wisdom folly should abound?
Astounding climax this, for hist'ry's page!
A rich and poor, a wise and foolish age!

AUTHOR.

More than two thousand years have pass'd away,
Since Grecian arts and valour bore the sway:

What wonders since has science not achieved!
And yet, the fact will scarcely be believed,
Without her treasured lore the Spartan sage
Surpass'd the wisdom of this latter age.

ATTICUS.

'Tis strange the learned can so little see
Of means to rescue us from misery!

AUTHOR.

Learned in many words, and not in things,
Study to them no useful subject brings.
Seldom in copious linguists will you find
A judgment ripe, or philosophic mind.*

ATTICUS.

But say of him who science only seeks,
Why is he found less skilful than the Greeks?

---

* Hobbes used to say, that if he had read as much as others, he should have been as ignorant as they. He pro-

AUTHOR.

Science is rarely now applied to man,
Except upon a mean, contracted plan:
His duties, wants, and destiny, are view'd
By those with early prejudice embued;
Or each perhaps a sep'rate branch will take,
And a small portion for the whole mistake.*

bably adopted the maxim of one of the Plinys, who read, *non multa, sed multum.*

* The Godwin party, resting their hopes of human improvement exclusively upon the gradual and unaided advance of knowledge, will not for a moment listen to the adoption of any plans by which that advancement can be accelerated. Considering man as purely intellectual, they disdain to regard the exercise of his bodily functions as essential to what they term "the perfectibility of his nature."

With the Economist, man is a mere animal; and so long as his existence is preserved, it is indifferent to him whether distinguished by physical, moral, or intellectual superiority.

Statesman, Economist, Priest, Lawyer, Bard,
With partial views the lot of man regard;
Their studious efforts to one path confined,
No truths survey with comprehensive mind.*

The Divine places the present and future happiness of man upon the belief of certain doctrines, which he deems all-sufficient to the practice of morality. Hence the Bishops, notwithstanding the Reports of Parliament are repeatedly proclaiming certain political causes for the increase of crimes, sanction by their silence the existence of institutions, many of which are flagrant violations of the rights of humanity, and opposed to the spirit of Christianity.

* A curious instance of the effect of an exclusive attention to one subject, appears in the reply of the Abbé D'Angeau. The study of grammar was his favourite pursuit. One day a person was expressing his fears that a great revolution was about to take place in public affairs. "That may be," said the Abbé, "but let what will happen, I am extremely rejoiced that I have in my portfolio six-and-thirty conjugations perfectly completed."

What unremitting pains has PEEL bestow'd,
To strengthen justice, in the penal code!
Now mends the juries, then improves police,
And wonders still that all our crimes increase!
Watching the surface, sees no deeper cause
In youth neglected and unequal laws:
In ponderous speeches, slightly sprinkled o'er
With apt quotation and with classic lore,
(Though scarce one Attic spark inflames his
soul,)
Declares the evil lies beyond controul:
As if there lurk'd some wonder-working elf,
Hints that the evil soon will cure itself!*

* No member in the House of Commons has been more uniformly opposed to the appointment of Committees of Inquiry into the Causes of Distress than Mr. Peel; and none have been more backward in the suggestion of remedies—conceiving, as he has often alleged, that it was not in the power of Parliament to afford relief. Few, however, appear

The flaming Patriot, sinking in the west,
With chasten'd ardour seeks ignoble rest;

---

to be more convinced of the efficacy of an Act of Parliament than the Right Honourable Gentleman, whenever he has had any favourite measure to carry.

An Act sufficiently potent to reach the evils complained of, would perhaps encroach too much upon vested interests, for the adoption of those who are participators in the spoil.

The following observations evince an accurate view of the actual state of affairs at the period the speech was delivered, but the inference is totally unworthy of a practical statesman:—

"I am entirely of opinion, however, that the evil of which we complain, does not arise from any cessation or decrease of production; for I believe I may confidently state, that there has been a greater quantity produced within the last three years, than in any previous years. Corresponding with this increase, there has been a want of due employment for the labouring classes; and whatever that has proceeded from, I am quite convinced it has not been from the poor-laws. There is a general cry for remedies; but the difficulty

No more demands reform in lofty tone—
Degenerate senates claim him as their own.

---

is how to apply any remedy, when we see the same results proceeding from perfectly different causes. The want of employment is the same in Ireland, where there are no poor-laws—in Scotland, where there is a kind of intermediate species of support—and in England, where the poor-laws exist in full vigour; and this proves that the poor-laws are not the cause of that distress. My impression is, that no effectual remedy can be applied in the present artificial state of the country. Much of the distress, I believe, has arisen from the improvement of machinery; and what remedy, I would ask, can be applied against the progress of human enterprise and ingenuity?"—Mr. Peel's Speech on the Poor Rates, April 17th, 1828.

The conclusion to which the Right Honourable Gentleman comes, ought to be accompanied with his resignation of office, unless it is held for the benefit of the few at the expense of the million. Distress occasioned by the continually increasing means of creating wealth, by human enterprise and ingenuity,—and yet no remedy!

And why, BURDETT, * renounce the people's
cause?
Is Britain blest with more benignant laws?
Have artisans, or those who till the soil,
Ampler rewards or mitigated toil?
When abject Misery lifts the languid eye
As Wealth unwieldy proudly passes by,
Do Pity's accents soothe her poignant grief?
Has Want corroding found a prompt relief?
Is Hope with heavenly Charity combined,
To calm the anguish of the troubled mind;
Or Poverty, with all her progeny of crimes,
Banish'd by Faith in these more righteous times?
Go search the poor-house, search the prison too,
And loathing wretchedness in mercy view;
Nay, as you pass each crowded street along,
And mark the wants and vices of the throng,

* "The flaming patriot who so lately scorched us in the meridian, sinks temperately in the west, and is hardly felt as he descends."—Junius.

Say if these scenes no patriot voice demand
To drive oppression's ills from out the land?
When list'ning senates on thy periods hung,
And echoing walls with loud applauses rung;
With Tully's grace and more than Tully's fire,
In Roman grandeur flow'd th' impetuous ire;
Oh, then how eminent thy virtue shone—
The people's champion braved the storm alone! *

* The Whigs advance some reasonable grounds for their support of the Ministry, who, they say, have conceded many of the measures for which they had so long contended; and that it is the Tories, and not they, who have relinquished former opinions. But Sir Francis Burdett saw no relief for the people in the views of either party. Whatever alteration or improvement may have taken place in some of the relations of society, from the adoption of their measures, the condition of the people is more deplorable than ever: yet has Sir Francis quietly resumed his seat among the aristocracy of the land. Although few entertained a favourable opinion of the practicability of his plans of reform, yet

Ah! why this change? if HUSKISSON can tell,
To all our greatness, then, a long farewell!—
Free trade, free trade, the people cry forlorn:
Free trade, the landlord cries, in all save corn!

In petty savings see unwearied HUME,*
Night after night, his labour'd task resume;

---

his apparent sincerity and singleness of purpose commanded general admiration. Sir Francis has not avowed any change in his sentiments upon this subject; but on the contrary, at an occasional public meeting out of the House, a faint censure of their proceedings escapes him; serving only to remind us with regret of the manly and heroic determination with which he once espoused the cause of the unprotected part of the community.

* Although commercial difficulties thicken, and distress has become more general; notwithstanding the reduction of taxes and the reformation of abuses, which Mr. Hume may have been the means of effecting, he still rivets his attention to similar measures, as the only effectual remedy. How

Through tedious lengthen'd calculations plod,
Till dozing members answer with a nod;
Curtails each office of superfluous hands,
And casts dismay along the numerous bands
Of hapless clerks, who seek relief in vain
Among the crowded ranks of sordid gain.

ATTICUS.

Is this the recompense—is this the way
You honour those who ardent zeal display—
Who o'er the people's wrongs for ever grieve—
Who ease their burdens and their wants relieve?

the demand for the products of labour is to be increased by the money raised in taxes being spent by one class of individuals rather than by another, it is difficult to conceive. As to the worn-out argument that we are unable to compete with foreign nations in distant parts of the world, it is notorious that in almost every market open to us, our manufactures are selling at prices much below the cost of their fabric, solely in consequence of superabundance.

AUTHOR.

Think not, while thus the satire of my song
(Alas, too feeble for a theme so strong!)
The venial errors of each sect assails,
Where motives sanctify though judgment fails,
The temper'd verse would hostile feelings raise,
Or wound one honest heart; the Muse essays—
Foe to all parties, but the friend of man—
To join their efforts in one general plan,
Where each shall find its own peculiar aim,
Their means though different, yet their ends the same;
Shall there security with freedom find,
Wisdom with peace, and wealth with love combined.

See HORTON* comes with emigration schemes,
To aid the wealthy in their golden dreams;

* It is not intended to charge Mr. Wilmot Horton with

To show the few they still may dwell secure,
And base monopoly in land insure?

an unfeeling indifference to the condition of the lower classes; on the contrary, we may infer from the following extract from the debates of the House of Commons, March 25, 1828, that he is one of the limited number who sedulously aim at its amelioration:—

"*Mr. Wilmot Horton.* Had he thought proper rather to attract attention to the state of the population—to appeal to the feelings on behalf of the grievous distresses of the poor, he had no doubt the attendance of Hon. Members on this occasion would indicate a more general interest than appeared to have hitherto been created by the question. By his postponement, two motions connected with emigration would come before the House on Thursday. If, however, by a similar attendance, the same apathy should then be evinced, he would certainly withdraw his motions altogether.

"*Mr. M. Fitzgerald* expressed his hope that the Right Hon. Member would continue to persevere, notwithstanding the disgust that he might naturally feel at such unworthy

When faithful peasants from their homes depart,
And leave their country with an aching heart.

SADLER, though late, brings forth a juster plan,
"Where every rood of land maintains its man;"
But yet more suited to a backward age,
When science scarce had reach'd its earliest
stage;
When wants were few, and less mechanic power*
Abridged the labours of each toiling hour;
Ere union's strength, unless in war, was known,
Or gave support to selfishness alone;

indifference on both sides of the House, to a subject of so much interest and importance to the country."

And this is the House of Commons to which Sir Francis Burdett has become reconciled!

* Holinshed, who wrote in the time of Queen Elizabeth, states that a saw-mill was erected near London in the year 1633,—but afterwards demolished, that it might not deprive the labouring poor of employment.

When numbers join'd to swell the pride of one,
Resign'd their wealth, and found themselves undone.
That period past, a glorious æra springs,
As knowledge rises on expanding wings;
O'er all mankind her genial influence sheds,
And equal blessings social union spreads.

Fresh as the vernal breeze in opening spring,
When flowers around their sweetest odours fling,
With spirits buoyant and elate with joy,
Nature's best work,—O mark yon blooming boy!
Like curling tendrils flow with artless grace
Those auburn locks that shade his glowing face;
That smile expressive and that sparkling eye,
Bespeak the young enthusiast's ecstasy,
As the new truths, in clear conviction born,
Break like enchantment on life's early morn!
In him the germs of moral worth behold,
And mental too;—if judgment these unfold,

Wisdom and joy may wait on every stage
Of youth, of manhood, and advancing age.
To form such minds and bless this fertile land,
Needs but the culture of a master hand;
For not more yielding, when the sculptor's art
Bids the rude mass to graceful figures start,
Th' obedient clay, than is the plastic mind
T' assume the form of any mould inclined.

ATTICUS.

Yet in one family how oft we trace
Tempers so varied, that a different race
Some you would deem, while others largely share
The lasting blessings of paternal care.

AUTHOR.

But not alone domestic care retards
The rising passions, or from error guards:
To foster virtue and discourage vice,
No bad external objects should entice.

When Fashion bows before excessive wealth,
And tempts the loss of honour, peace, and health,
To gain the prize, then dire Ambition draws
The worst of evils from unequal laws—
Contention, jealousy, and haughty pride,
With all the ills to poverty allied.
If public manners claim a different rule
To that which guides the parent's house or school—
If youth are moderation taught at home,
And find indulgence practised when they roam—
Though some superior to temptations rise,
Others too oft will fall a sacrifice.
That system only which can all sustain,
Must as one family the people train;
Public with private interest unite;
No minds perplex by blending wrong with right:
Precept and practice the same lesson teach;
Each strive for all, and all will strive for each:

Justice and truth must all the laws uphold,
Ere science yields for man a perfect mould.
But think not, Huskisson, that mould will last
Which in a Cyclops' den by thee is cast:
Shall he, who for sublimer deeds was made,*
Become the wretched victim of free trade?
Religion and philosophy combine
To blame such barb'rous policy as thine,
That gives to every vice an early birth,
And disregards man's intellectual worth;
Condemns him unrelenting to the mine,
And all the charms of nature to resign,
To dwell in caves, amid perpetual gloom,
Where toil incessant seals his earthly doom;

* "There are," says a French philosopher, in a letter to his friend, "under my window, two beings of a superior order, their countenances mild and benevolent, and their eyes beam with intelligence; although endowed with wonderful sagacity, and of a noble form, they are employed the whole of the day hewing stones."

Or see him by the forge's fiercest blaze,
With labouring arm the pond'rous hammer raise—
Drag on in dull routine the vapid hour,
Dead to the exercise of mental power.
Next view the cotton-mill, that fruitful source—

ATTICUS.

Of England's glory!—

AUTHOR.

Meaning wealth, of course.

ATTICUS.

Which raised her to a pinnacle of fame:

AUTHOR.

And proves at last her ignominious shame.
Before you boast of fame, the rich man's glory,
Listen with patience to the poor man's story:—
'Tis true that war has seen their thousands bleed,
That one might triumph by the glorious deed;

And thousands now in pain resign their health,
That one may wallow in enormous wealth:
The sallow spinner, amid ceaseless noise,
Day after day, a chronic life employs;
Grown old at forty, quick his temples beat
With fever raging from excess of heat:
The faithful wife his degradation shares,
Lighten'd, forsooth, of her domestic cares—
For all her children now the fact'ries claim,
Not e'en excepting those of tender frame.*

---

* And this is the highest standard of human improvement which modern statesmen and their enlightened instructors, the Economists, propose to reach, while the means for disseminating universal intelligence and enjoyment abound in the greatest profusion! In the autumn of last year, I passed through the manufacturing districts; and even in those parts where the establishments were in full work, and wages not low, what a melancholy spectacle of human existence was exhibited! Pale and emaciated children, stunted in growth, with their parents, whose countenances equally betrayed the

What cause remains of animating joy,
To bless the spirits of the blooming boy?
He blooms no longer—see his pallid cheek
And meagre form the cruel change bespeak!
His auburn locks with flakes of cotton mix'd,
And the dull eye in vacant ignorance fix'd.
In fields once clothed with nature's favorite
green,
Luxuriant verdure now is seldom seen:
Black clouds of smoke in thickest volumes fly,
Darken the scene, and shade yon azure sky.
Farewell the beauties of this favor'd Isle,
Where man and nature too were wont to smile;
When the rude peasant shared a happier lot--
Was bless'd with plenty in his ivy'd cot;

unhealthy nature of their occupation, were going in droves to the manufactories, to be there employed from morn till night upon fabrics to gratify the silly vanity of the idle classes.

The fruitful garden with its choicest flowers
Repaid the culture of his leisure hours:
Though light of heart he whistled o'er the land,
His plough was guided by a skilful hand;
When Sabbath came, enjoy'd a bless'd release
From all his toils, and said his prayers in
peace—
For then no fanatics his mind perplex'd
With subtle doubts, or with conflicting text;
Question'd no doctrines, but with meekness
strove
To imitate the great Exemplar's love.

ATTICUS.

Lauding past scenes, the present you deplore,
As if the first you wish'd to see once more.

AUTHOR.

Better the former than this downward course—
For ills oppress us with augmented force.

And what is gain'd by all this toil and strife,
This loss of happiness and waste of life?
Though distant nations take our cotton stuffs,
And send us back their jewels, gold, and muffs;
Those who obtain them are no nearer bliss
Than those who, struggling, still such trifles miss.
The simple Indians, who in forests roam,
Are taught those wants we feel too much at
home;
Pleased with the chase, it needs seductive arts
To change their habits and corrupt their hearts;
Unused to gain, lured by a bauble first,
Possession soon inflames the baneful thirst;
At length they learn to heap the selfish store,
And wealth increasing gives desire for more.

Such are the tim'rous statesmen now decreed
To aid their country in its utmost need—
Now, when a wearied, hopeless world requires
All that history's brightest page inspires

Of Cretan wisdom and of Spartan rule—
All that adorn'd each philosophic school
Beneath fair Grecian or Italia's skies,
Of virtue exalted and of bold emprise,
To lead mankind along those paths untrod,
Where MARO hail'd the presence of a God—
Those new, but now more fertile paths of peace,
Where empires flourish and in wealth increase—
More virtue, happiness, and wisdom gain,
Unless the tide of ages rolls in vain!

END OF PART I.

THE REPROOF OF BRUTUS.

PART II.

PART II.

Political Economists—Messrs. Malthus, Macculloch, Mill —Population and Competition theories—Lawyers—Brougham—Denman—Lord Eldon—Scarlett—Mechanics' Institutions—Dr. Birkbeck—Mr. Thompson.

THE REPROOF OF BRUTUS.

PART II.

Velut sylvis, ubi passim
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,
Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit; unus utrique
Error, sed variis illudit partibus.

HORATII Sat. 3. Lib. 2.

AUTHOR.

NEXT comes th' Economist with a jejune plan,
To carve and shape his "curious subject, man;"
Anxious alone to swell the nation's wealth;
Careless if wisdom, happiness, and health

Reward the labourer, or if scanty fare
Is all a sickly family can share—
Creating wealth, themselves for ever poor,
While pale and threatening famine haunts their door.
To whom, I pray you, are our thoughts most due—
The toiling many, or the trifling few?
To those who labour through the live-long day,
Or those who idly while their time away?
To those to whom we every comfort owe,
Or those who not one earthly gift bestow?

Alas! too long with undisputed sway,
Has MALTHUS reign'd, and widely spread dismay:
Like some magician, waves his sable wand,
And casts a gloom portentous o'er the land;
With awful warnings and with potent charms,
Fills every timid breast with dire alarms.

See statesmen pause amid their bright career,
And patriot senators restrain'd by fear!
See Charity, controll'd throughout the land,
Dispense her bounties with a trembling hand!
Condemn'd the lore of Plato as a dream;
The promise broken of each social scheme;
Bacon's Atlantis, More's Utopia, driven
To dwell securely in the realms of heaven;
For here, no room, although the teeming earth
To every kind of sustenance gives birth:
Though wings to fruitful mortals were assign'd
To range in other planets, rest to find,
Yet still no rest; for man's prolific race
Can flourish only in unbounded space.*

* "There is, says Mr. Malthus, a tendency in the human species, susceptible of the effect of, in no long time, peopling all the stars. If the principle of population had gone on unchecked for eighteen hundred years, it would have produced men enough to fill the whole visible universe with

While Galileo* bends beneath the rod,
For truths at variance with the word of God,
Yet he whose special duty should define
A strict adherence to decrees divine,
Turns from the prophecy of threaten'd fires,
When next a sorrowing, sinful world expires;
Unfolds the scroll of nature, and declares
That population's law demands our cares;

human creatures as thick as they could stand: this is in so many words the doctrine of our author."—Godwin on Population, p. 138.

* Galileo was imprisoned for asserting the Earth's motion. He was again cited to Rome, for publishing at Florence his Dialogues on the Ptolemaic and Copernican Systems of the World; his book ordered to be publicly burnt; the author sentenced to be imprisoned, and to make recantation of his errors, and, by way of penance, to recite the seven penitential psalms once a week. This sentence was, however, changed by the Pope, and Galileo obtained his liberty.

And sounds the tocsin for an instant check,
Before the world becomes a perfect wreck:
Then checks of misery and checks of vice,
And moral checks for those of taste more nice.
How well this jargon suits the barren theme!
Like gibbering phantoms in a sick man's dream,
In sad confusion bred, no sense convey—
A slight impression leave, then fade away.
Though still inditing this unhallow'd page,
He falls no martyr to the bigot's rage,
But gains the plaudits of mankind:

ATTICUS.

And why?
The Scripture says increase and multiply.

AUTHOR.

'Tis true; but then these checks, to calm their
fears,
Are sweetest music to patrician ears:

If vice and misery useful evils are,
The rich, secure themselves, are freed from care.

ATTICUS.

But then the moral check?

AUTHOR.

Why, even this
Will rob the wretched of connubial bliss,
Perhaps their only joy; for some, at least,
" No covers find at Nature's mighty feast."*

* Mr. Malthus, in the later editions of his work on population, informs his readers that he has softened some of the harsher conclusions of the first essay. The following "harsh conclusion," I believe, has been expunged altogether. How the author of such an absurdity could have received encouragement, can only be accounted for by the extreme paucity of more able and consistent writers, disposed to support the injustice of exclusive possession by the few:—

" A man who is born into a world already possessed, if he cannot get subsistence from his parents, and if the society

Let systems crude no more his cranium vex,
Or false alarms the wearied town perplex.
Cease, MALTHUS,* cease; give o'er your vain research:
Return once more, and doze with Mother Church.

ATTICUS.

What painful sounds, in Caledonian twang,
Grate on the ear!

---

do not want his labour, has no claim of right to the smallest portion of food, and, in fact, has no business to be where he is. At Nature's mighty feast there is no vacant cover for him. She tells him to be gone, and will quickly execute her own orders."—Malthus, Principle of Population.

* The advocates of a better order of society undertake a task of supererogation, in refuting the principle of population contended for by Mr. Malthus. For, even granting him his premises, it is only in an improved state of society, which cannot exist without superior morals, that mankind can best provide against prospective evils.

AUTHOR.

MACCULLOCH'S* harsh harangue;
That cold disciple of a wavering school,
Where truth and error hold alternate rule;
Where truth to-day in native grace attracts,
To-morrow error in a maze distracts
Ingenuous youth, and leaves th' inquiring mind
Perplex'd by fallacies—by doubts confined.
Fair Science' name this tott'ring school adorns·
Presumptuous boast! the futile claim she scorns;
Though turgid sophistry their themes may swell,
Immortal truth alone with her can dwell.

* It is related that a Scotch Political Economist, being asked the meaning of Metaphysics, explained it as follows: "When the party who listens, dinna ken what the party who speaks means; and the party who speaks, dinna ken what he means himself—that is Metaphysics." If this reply belongs to Mr. Macculloch, it belongs also to his *science* of political economy.

Say, wouldst thou right from wrong with skill
divide?
With modest steps take BACON for thy guide,
Who truths unerring by induction draws—
Secure defines unchanging Nature's laws.
Oh that the temple, rear'd to simple truth,
To give at least one college to our youth
Where man unprejudiced a brother own'd,
Whate'er his creed, and where no bigot frown'd,
Should soon with error's wild discordant note
Deficient judgment in its seers denote!
Retire, MACCULLOCH; from your toil desist,
Nor bring to happier climes your native mist:
Add one rare blunder to your gross mistakes—
A Scot returning to the land of cakes!

To cure our woes, behold another still—
The modest, mild, and metaphysic MILL,*

* Author of the "History of British India," "Elements

First, as historian, stubborn facts records;
Next, as economist, those facts accords
To general laws, which yet no firmness find
Without a labour'd treatise upon mind.
When varied talents in one man abide
In just degrees, to form an able guide,
Britain rejoicing, deems her sorrows past,
Since one expanded mind is found at last.
Ah! what avails the nation's sanguine hope?
Utilitarians take an ample scope,
'Tis true—although with these extended views
The woman's equal rights with man refuse :*

of Political Economy," and "Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind."

* See Thompson's "Appeal of Women," in reply to that portion of Mr. Mill's article "on Government," relating to the exclusion of women from all share in legislation, in the Supplement of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Pretended followers of the BENTHAM school,
Which, ever true to justice' strictest rule,
Would lovely woman raise, inform her mind,
And her superior powers by culture find.

BENTHAM, that veteran in the cause of truth,
Holds on his course with all the fire of youth;
Unmasks hypocrisy, detects device,
And with surpassing skill exposes vice:
And when that frame (oh, distant be the day!)
Must yield at last to nature's slow decay,
Yet still his venerable form survives,
And grateful thoughts in memory revives—
Since PICKERSGILL has bid the canvas live
With all the truth transcendent art can give.*

* Alluding to the splendid portrait of Jeremy Bentham, Esq. by this distinguished artist, in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of 1829.

MACCULLOCH, MALTHUS, MILL, a triad famed
For bold assertions, which are soon disclaim'd
For others no less bold, but quite opposed:
To such reverse is fickle man disposed.

ATTICUS.

But yet there are some maxims in this school,
Which seem to hold a fix'd and steady rule—
That competition the best impulse yields
For efforts in our factories and fields;
That learning, too, by emulation thrives,
And thence alone its energy derives.

AUTHOR.

That competition has increased supply,
And aided learning, I will not deny:
As oil illumined with the blaze most bright,
Ere gas had yielded a superior light.
When science proves more potent motives can,
With less alloy, direct the mind of man;

Say, shall we still his noble nature bind
To sordid gain, by grovelling views confined?
Forbid it Genius! thou who, in the reign
Of Ignorance, didst break the galling chain;
Soar'd unrestrain'd to realms of truth allied,
And man's improving destiny descried.

ATTICUS.

When keen competitors reduce the price,
And wary buyers at our marts entice—
When varying fashions lend a powerful aid
T' employ mechanics and improve our trade—
The monthly changes cause a large demand,
And manufactures spread throughout the land.

AUTHOR.

O wisdom rare! when weak, fantastic pride,
To save a sinking empire, must abide;
When childish folly must its hundreds crown,
Ere starving millions can a dinner own.

Look not so grave, sweet girl! there's such a
grace
Plays round thine eyes, thou canst not spoil
that face—
That beauteous face, which Venus' self might
own:
Ah, now I see that thou hast ceased to frown!
Those who the lord and master have assumed,
And falsely think their minds are more illumed,
Know that it needs no deep or cunning art
To give an impulse to thy feeling heart:
'Tis they alone who practised first the cheat,
And now are willing victims of deceit;
Sincerely think that vanity must thrive,
Or all the working class will cease to live.

Those frizzled curls around yon legal head,*
Powder'd with care, and o'er the shoulders
spread,

Bernardini Ramazini, in his Observations on the Dis-

Depending low and reaching to the breast,
With awful gravity the man invest:
Terrific sight to ignorance and guilt,
Grotesque to strangers, and a habit built
On transient fashion, void of nature's grace,
To spoil that mirror of the mind—the face.

cases of Learned Men, presents us with a quaint vindication of the wig :—" I reckon the use of periwigs very convenient and wholesome for men of learning, as being proper to guard the head from the injuries of the air, especially in winter. I find few of the learned class, who have not good large periwigs upon their heads, when they walk along the streets, with their locks nicely frizzled and curled, as Plautus facetiously terms it. Add to this, when a man of learning, though old and stooping to the ground, sees himself in a looking-glass, with his face clean and close shaved, his skin smooth and well washed, and his periwig hanging snug about his ears, he rejoices within himself, and cheers up with the hopes of a long life."

Not so the canvas speaks, whene'er we scan,
In all the native dignity of man,
The noble features of the olden time,
When BACON lived, or ALFRED rose sublime.
No feeble arts with labour'd zeal combined
To aid the visual eloquence of mind;
Oh! that degrading contrast here might end,
And law and science find an equal friend
Now, as when HALE, or philosophic MORE,
Their learning sought in nature's hidden store.
Long since convinced, our ripen'd lawyers thought
Recorded axioms to perfection brought;
Or right or wrong, if new, alike deride,
Deeming old precedents a safer guide.
Experience, bending to untutor'd youth,
Far in the darker ages gropes for truth.

ATTICUS.

Thy rampant lines on truth's fair bounds in-
trench,
When unreserved they libel all the Bench;

Descend from Judges to th' enlighten'd Bar,
For minds regardless of the glimmering star
That guided ignorance through its darkest night,
But sunk absorb'd in more refulgent light:
These later times a ROMILLY can claim,
And BROUGHAM and DENMAN raise their country's fame.

AUTHOR.

Yes, thank the Gods! there still remains a few
To patriot claims and bright improvement true:
See, BROUGHAM advances with Herculean strength,
To aid the interests of a moment's length!
Sad waste of power, when urgent duty draws
Unrivall'd talents to a trifling cause;
When he whose talents millions could befriend,
Should all those talents to an unit lend.

ATTICUS.

I'll hear no more your discontented Muse
The needful aid to fleeting life refuse.*
Better for him—more independent far,
To plead the cause of justice at the bar,
Than on the judgment-seat for ever close
His high career in premature repose;

* "Content, like the rest of my industrious countrymen, with providing, by the labour of my own hands, for my own necessities,—as to the power which belongs to great place, in which it has been truly said, 'men are thrice servants,' I have lived for nearly half a century, and I have learnt that its real worth can only consist in the ability it affords to aid our fellow-creatures in promoting their welfare, and in obtaining their just rights. That power I now possess; the grievances of my countrymen I can assist in redressing, whether as their advocate in this House, or as their coadjutor out of it. That power no Ministry can give, no change can take away."—Mr. Brougham's Speech on the State of the Common Law, Feb. 7, 1828.

For now the senate can his labours share,
And virtue rise beneath his fostering care.
No youthful member, when he first essays
In freedom's cause his timid voice to raise,
But BROUGHAM befriends, and with applauding
cheers
Upholds his energies, and calms his fears.

AUTHOR.

Long at St. Stephen's may his voice be heard,
And long the venal parasite deterr'd
From mean apostasy, corruption's course,
And yield to eloquence and virtue's force!
But long, ah! long, may education claim
Determined zeal, and prove his highest aim!
"Knowledge is power;" that splendid maxim
lives
With BACON's fame, and under BROUGHAM re-
vives:
There lies the lever that shall move the world,
When truth's bright banners fully are unfurl'd;

When fears are gone, in ancient darkness bred,
And blighting prejudice for ever fled.

Heed not the clamours of the selfish few,
Who strove to limit colleges to two;
With jealous piety denounced more,
And then contributed to make them four.
So when the arduous LANCASTER began
To give to all the highest rank of man,
Although his name to freedom* was endear'd,
The rich disclaim'd him, for too much they
fear'd,
Should potent knowledge to the poor descend,
The reign of pride and tyranny must end.
Vain their endeavours to withhold the boon:
Tories affrighted sought control, and soon
Gave, when they saw his useful plans excel,
Reluctant patronage to Dr. BELL.

* "He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside." COWPER.

Forth comes the victim, sacrificed to laws
Of selfish policy, for such the cause
Of pining want, and all its varied crimes,*
That stamp disgrace on these degen'rate times.
In clanking chains, with pale, dejected air,
The wretched culprit casts, in wild despair,
His swollen eyes around the crowded court,
To seek in vain from sympathy support;

* When Telemachus was conducted by Minerva through the realms of Pluto, he beheld governors suffering for the crimes and vices committed by others, who were influenced by unjust laws and partial institutions :—

" On voyoit plusieurs de ces rois sévèrement punis, non pour les maux qu'ils avoient faits, mais pour les biens qu'ils auroient dû faire.

" On leur imputoit aussi tous les désordres qui viennent du faste, du luxe, et de tous les autres excès qui jettent les hommes dans un état violent, et dans la tentation de mépriser les loix pour acquérir du bien."

In harden'd guilt no longer lifts his head --
His spirit broken, and defiance fled;
His wasted form by long confinement weak,
And deep the marks of sorrow on his cheek;
For sickness there its ravages begins,
To share in punishing for others' sins.
O'er all his limbs a death-like coldness creeps;
So wan his looks, that e'en stern justice weeps:
For see, while now the patient jury pause,
To steer with caution through our complex laws,
As tears of pity ill-concealed start,
Conscience thus whispers to his feeling heart:
"If I, like him, an orphan had been left,
"Of every kind, parental care bereft,
"No pious charge by anxious mother given
"On bended knees to breathe a prayer to heaven;
"If mid St. Giles's filth my feeble sight
"Had waked at once to wretchedness and light;

"If vice, surrounding all my earliest days,
"Had bound me fast in her destructive ways,—
"If knowledge ne'er had spread th' informing
page,
"Or admonition help'd a faltering age,—
"I then had run, impell'd by cruel force
"Of adverse circumstance, a wretched course;
"No laws of God or man with rev'rence
fear'd,
"But as this culprit at the bar appear'd."

'Guilty' the verdict, and the sentence brief—
The Judge performs an odious task, in grief;
The Prisoner, sinking at his awful doom,
Is borne unconscious to his dungeon gloom.

ATTICUS.

There's honest Eldon, a plain-spoken man—
Show me in law his equal if you can:
Wise his decrees, in Chancery grown old—

AUTHOR.

They say he linger'd there from love of gold.

ATTICUS.

But I believe that he loved justice more;
And honest suitors will his loss deplore:
Slow to decide—

AUTHOR.

They ridicule his doubt.

ATTICUS.

'Twas that which drove the orphan's plunderer out.
Though riches vast departed with the seals,
Departed also harassing appeals.
However great preceding lawyers seem,
Yet ELDON's judgments long will stand supreme.

AUTHOR.

O SCARLETT, 'tis thine error's deepest dye,
(The charter stain'd of sacred Liberty)

When to the Press you chains despotic brought,
Where Freedom's sons their last best refuge
sought;
Taught them too soon the fatal truth to know,
A Whig in office as their bitt'rest foe.*
Scarcely begun their boast of proudest glory,
To gain an ultra Oriental Tory,—
When your submissive zeal their hopes destroys,
And turns to sorrow their exulting joys;

* Had the bill filed against the *Morning Journal* for a libel upon the Duke of Wellington' been as unexceptionable as that in the case of the Lord Chancellor, there could not have been two opinions on the subject. But that an Attorney-General, drawn from the ranks of a party professing extraordinary zeal for the liberties of the subject, should arraign at the bar of justice a writer upon the frivolous pretence that his remarks had a tendency to bring the Government into contempt, proves how little any man who connects himself with a party is to be relied upon, when the uncompromising interests of justice demand a sacrifice.

The noblest triumph of that hero blights,
Who strove for freedom—yet withholds her
rights!
Was it for this that parties cease to rave—
To make the rich man proud, the poor a slave?
To aid the mighty, and the weak oppress?
Must carping Whigs with Tories coalesce?—
Portentous union! if the people's cause
Must fall beneath the rigid censor's laws.
Be mindful, SCARLETT, of thy former fame,
Nor blend with dire disgrace a Victor's name.
Should wounded pride in future feel the sting
Which small ephemera e'en to lions bring,
O! let them flutter through their harmless hour,
Nor crush an insect with a giant's power.

Amid the turmoil of this scrambling scene
A few enlighten'd patriots still are seen;
Who, in the paths of practice, virtues seek;
The fallen raise, and animate the weak.

BIRKBECK! to thee the pale mechanic owes
The grateful joys enlightening truth bestows:
You taught the patient artisan to find
Superior pleasures in improving mind;
Gave the first impulse to the bright career
That raised the menial, but alarm'd the Peer.*

Neglected THOMPSON, whose attainment towers
Beyond the reach of critics' feebler powers,†

* The Church, as well as the House of Peers, has taken alarm; for, at the annual Meeting of the Sons of the Clergy, in 1828, the Rev. Dr. Shuttleworth stated, in his Sermon preached upon that occasion, that Mechanics' Institutions rendered the road to science too easy.

† No work on Political Economy, possessing equal merit with "The Distribution of Wealth," by Mr. William Thompson, has appeared for the last century; and yet neither the Quarterly, Edinburgh, or Westminster Reviews, have ventured to contest his arguments.

And vain attempts his reasoning to refute,
Has taught them wisdom—for behold them
mute.
But when this weaker generation 's past,
And struggling truths, unfetter'd, rise at last—
Then shall his worth transcendent be confess'd,
And distant nations by his genius bless'd.

END OF PART II.

THE REPROOF OF BRUTUS.

PART III.

PART III.

Poets—The late Percy Byshe Shelley—Campbell—Southey — Wordsworth — Sir Walter Scott — Wilson — Coleridge, and Moore.

THE REPROOF OF BRUTUS.

PART III.

Sed Vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,
Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere, nec qui
Communi feriat carmen triviale monetâ.

JUVENALIS Sat. vii.

A TIME there was when Poets led the way,
And hail'd the dawning of a brighter day;
Prophetic bards—whose glance, extending far
Beyond their age, beheld the rising star
Of science glitter with its varied hues,
And o'er the world its hallow'd light transfuse.

Where now the minds with glowing wisdom
fraught?
Alas! our Poets must themselves be taught:
No cheering hopes, no blissful truths are sung—
The muse neglected, and the lyre unstrung.
And how can ye descry a distant ray,
Who, all-unconscious of the risen day,
When science pours abundance thro' the land,
Though barbarous laws consign a wretched band
To abject want—to unrequited toil—
Or drive them exiles from their native soil?

When the first EDWARD led his hostile bands
Along the vale in Cambria's distant lands,
He paused to hear th' indignant bard on high
Sublimely pour his stormy minstrelsy.
What if no foreign chiefs our shores invade,—
Shall stripling lords their country's sons degrade,
The weak descendants of a noble race,
Whose fading honours only stamp disgrace

For virtues long since fled;—shall these dare
bind
The ardent struggling energies of mind;
Debase man's form; and yet no patriot brave
Remorseless despots, and their victims save?
If warlike EDWARD, though in conflict bold,
Trembled to hear his awful doom foretold;
Shall not a puny race, with finer nerve,
From hidden paths of dire oppression swerve,*

* There are so many intermediate agents between the rich and the poor, that the former, although absorbing almost all the produce of labour, are seldom regarded as the real oppressors. Tenants, whose high rents and diminished profits compel them to adopt a rigid economy; stewards and bailiffs, who are bound to make as large a revenue as possible for their employers; the various officers of justice, whose duties are imperative. These classes coming in immediate contact with the poor, bear all the odium of exacting from the labourer the fruits of his exertions.

When bards arise, inflamed with holy zeal,
To truth and justice make the loud appeal,
To drooping friendless virtue hope impart,
And fill with deep alarm the tyrant's heart?

Farewell, lamented SHELLEY, fled too soon
To witness others' joys, the greatest boon
Sought by thy fervent spirit—to impart
The constant yearning of thy feeling heart;
Whose early incense at the shrine of truth
Brought persecution on thy sanguine youth;
Who wisdom sought amid Idalian bowers,
And strew'd our philosophic paths with flowers;
Who on truth's triumphs could so ably dwell,
And joys prospective who could sing so well!
When angry zealots vilify thy name,
And 'gainst thy conscientious doubts declaim,
Who think to them some special grace is given,
To lead on others in the road to heaven;

May they from thee a Christian spirit learn,
And true religion's surest sign discern.*

* There is not a more gratifying proof of the improving taste and liberality of the age, than that which is manifested by the rising fame of Percy Byshe Shelley. Of all the eminent writers who have speculated upon the final departure of moral evil, and the realisation of happier forms of society, none have exceeded him in the splendour of his genius, none have so strikingly combined the just views of the philosopher, with the genuine aspirations of the poet, none have exhibited in their lives a more illustrious and self-denying example of the principles they professed. There is so much excellent feeling displayed in the following merited and interesting tribute to the memory of this distinguished poet, that we are at a loss which to admire most, its author or its subject: " Innocent and careless as a boy, he possessed all the delicate feelings of a gentleman, all the discrimination of a scholar; and united in just degrees the ardour of the poet, with the patience and forbearance of the philosopher. His generosity and charity went far beyond those of any man, I believe, at present in existence. He was never

Do thou, O CAMPBELL! still for freedom
strive;
Let all our ardent hopes with thee revive;

known to speak evil of an enemy, unless that enemy had done some grievous injustice to another; and he divided his income, of only one thousand pounds, with the fallen and afflicted. This is the man against whom such clamours have been raised by the religious *à la mode*, and by those who live and lap under their tables. This is the man whom, from one false story about his former wife, I had refused to visit at Pisa. I blush in anguish at my prejudice and injustice, and ought hardly to feel it as a blessing or a consolation that I regret him less than I should have done if I had known him personally. As to what remains of him now life is over, he occupies the third place among our poets of the present age:—no humble station; for no other age since that of Sophocles has produced, on the whole earth, so many of such merit: and he is incomparably the most elegant, graceful, and harmonious of the prose-writers."—*Landor's Imaginary Conversations.*

"Pleasures of Hope," no more to self confined,
Sustain'd by love, shall reach all human kind.
Without this love, what 's Freedom but a name,
To blind the million, and to mask their shame;
Who still in abject slavery freedom boast,
And hug their chains with powers of reason lost?—
Ah, cruel mockery! thus the favor'd few
The noblest faculties of man subdue;
For selfish ends invoke religious aid,
With awful threats, to make their laws obey'd;*
Then feed the multitude with scatter'd crumbs,
While withering poverty ev'ry sense benumbs.
Mark how Hypocrisy the scene deplores,
Though studious only to increase its stores;

* "C'est pousser un peu loin ces maximes d'état;
Et je ne croirai pas commettre un attentat,
De vous dire, Seigneur, que malgré ces maximes,
La nature a ses droits plus saints, plus légitimes."

LA MOTTE.

Impious, declares that GOD their lot ordains,
And Heaven's justice for its crime arraigns.
What name more known at Freedom's holy shrine—
What harp resounds inspiring notes like thine,
Harmonious CAMPBELL? Or in verse or prose,
Thy zeal for liberty with fervour glows.
That day shall live with ages yet unborn,
Which first was bless'd with mental freedom's morn,
From Learning's college, by thy genius plann'd,*
To spread unbiass'd knowledge through the land.

* Campbell was one of the first with whom the idea of a London University originated, in a letter addressed to Mr. Brougham, setting forth its numerous advantages. This letter was followed by a more detailed and spirited exposition of his views in the New Monthly Magazine, under the head of "Suggestions respecting the Plan of an University in London."

Rise, SOUTHEY,* rise! recall thy early fame;
Transmit to future times a glorious name;—

The country is no less indebted to Mr. Brougham, for the energy and ability with which he has carried forward an object of such inestimable importance.

* "In this mood," says Southey, in his 'Sir Thomas More, or Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society'—"how heartily should I have accorded with Owen of Lanark, if I could have agreed with that happiest, and most beneficent, and most practical of all enthusiasts, as well concerning the remedy as the disease."—Vol. i. p. 62.

It would have been more satisfactory to have had Southey's reasons for disagreeing with "the most *practical* of all enthusiasts." I suspect he would find himself quite unequal to the task of successfully combating one of his principles. The Laureate has always been more distinguished for elegance of composition and poetic genius, than for profound inquiry. The character with which he has invested Sir Thomas More, is not his historical character, improved by the subsequent advance of mankind in knowledge, and in which he is represented as participating; but it is even below the

The peasant's friend, when unrelenting power
Destroy'd the cottage and the garden-bower,
Where sweet content proclaim'd an age of gold—
Where the first love in trembling hope was told.
Grateful the Laureate's duty; for the King
Delights in deeds that to his people bring
Well-timed relief, and heals the nation's woe,
More than in incense flatterers bestow.
Monarchs are patriots now; the people's voice
Has scarce left e'en to tyranny a choice:
It needs must follow with reluctant pace,
And join, a tardy courser, in the race.

intellectual power manifested in the celebrated "Utopia." It was not, however, for Southey to give that which he himself wanted; and his work is more to be admired for the excellent feeling it displays, than for any suggestions for the amelioration of society. In this respect, and with the promise held forth in the title, it must be regarded, under the present circumstances of the country, as a production of little practical utility.

Why on Helena's high and barren rock
Was chain'd the Lion, whose tremendous shock
The petty tyrants to the dust had hurl'd,*
And spread alarm throughout a trembling
world—
If Peace return without her promised joys,
And Famine gaunt no less than War destroys?
The wrongs of ALBION let thy Muse deplore,
And "carmen triumphale" sing no more,
Till truth shall triumph, and more blessings
yield
Than e'er can spring from war's ensanguined
field:
Then shall thine honours, down the stream of
time,
Be hail'd with joy in every age and clime.

"Pauper dominum, non sortem, mutat."

PHÆDRUS.

See Wordsworth, ling'ring by the mountain's side,
Enraptured view, howe'er the world deride,
The sun descending through the azure skies,
While dazzling rays in golden splendour rise!
As some great spirit, ere it wings its way
Beyond the precincts of the fleeting day,
To kindred minds imparts the heavenly flame—
Leaves, though unconscious of enduring fame,
A trail of glory in the path sublime,
To mark its triumph o'er the bounds of time—
How sweet to watch, as nature sinks to rest,
The star refulgent in the fading west—
The varied tints, which yet the shades of night
Have spared to beautify departing light!
In that calm hour when, all the passions still'd,
And the rapt soul with loftiest visions fill'd,

The soften'd heart with kindred feeling glows—
The lyre he wakes, and heavenly music flows.*

ATTICUS.

Hark, hark! he sweeps his sounding lyre again,
And, hope inspiring, pours a bolder strain.†

* "The vast frame
Of social nature changes evermore
Her organs and her members, with decay
Restless, and restless generation—powers
And functions dying and produced at need,—
And by this law the mighty Whole subsists,
With an ascent and progress in the main:
Yet, oh! how disproportion'd to the hopes
And expectations of self-flattering minds!"

EXCURSION.

"I rejoice,
Measuring the force of those gigantic powers,
Which by the thinking mind have been compell'd
To serve the will of feeble-bodied man.

AUTHOR.

Sir Walter, leave to those of weaker pow'rs
Th' ignoble task of wasting vacant hours;
Whose tales usurp inestimable time—
'Preludes of folly, or perchance of crime.
No longer, then, with retrospective glance,
Authentic hist'ry blend with wild romance—
Chivalrous knights, with ardent zeal devote
To beauty languishing, in days remote—

For, with the sense of admiration blends
The animating hope, that time may come,
When strengthen'd, yet not dazzled, by the might
Of this dominion over nature gain'd,
Men of all lands shall exercise the same
In due proportion to their country's need;
Learning, though late, that all true glory rests,
All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the Moral Law."

Excursion, p. 369.

The feudal grandeur of the baron's hall,
The burnish'd armour, and the trumpet's call—
The splendid tournament, the dread advance
Of rival chiefs who lift the threat'ning lance.
Though skill like thine can bid them start to
 life,
Till cheated Fancy views the barb'rous strife;
Say, what avails this antiquarian lore,
Unless to add to wisdom's sacred store?
Wilt thou respond to this unpractised strain,
Though BYRON, mighty BYRON, call'd in vain?
Yes, for the Muse presents a nobler theme*
Than e'er fill'd sage's mind or poet's dream.
Leave slow-paced Tories ling'ring far behind,
Mocking in vain th' undaunted march of mind:

* "Nemo tamen studiis indignum ferre laborem
Cogetur posthac, nectit quicunque canoris
Eloquium vocale modis, laurumque momordit."

JUVENALIS Sat. 7.

No more descend, to please a trifling age;
But give thy country one redeeming page.
Come then, Sir Walter, take a wide survey
O'er modern states, or up the lengthen'd way
Of eras past; their laws and customs scan,
And say what age and clime was best for man.
But if the task be hard, (since every time
Has stain'd the page of history with crime)—
If e'en Imperial Rome, with vices dire,
Call'd forth a Juvenal's indignant fire—
If higher still we trace the classic page,
And reach, enchanted, an illustrious age—
If ancient Greece, for polity renown'd,
Some public wrongs and private vices own'd—
Then error lurk'd within their wisest codes;
For uncorrupted truth all crime explodes;
Where is the bard so well by hist'ry taught,
Or where the mind with power more deeply
fraught?

To this high calling, then, your talents bring,
And warn your country whence her evils spring:
As vice results from some peculiar cause,
Proclaim the good and brand th' injurious laws.
Shall after-ages say, in that dread hour
When ALBION saw the gathering tempest low'r,
Despairing Pity o'er her miseries wept,
But SCOTT, her brightest, greatest genius slept?
Or waked the syren's strains alone to sing
And make the marble halls of Luxury ring
With soothing lays, to lull fastidious woes,
And yield Satiety a soft repose?

Alas for CALEDONIA'S moral fame,
Vice is triumphant, and debased her claim!
Though long distinguish'd for religious worth,
To crimes unheard-of must that land give birth—

While Wilson,* too, with honour fills the chair
Where mental science found a Stewart's† care,

* Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Edinburgh, and author of "The Isle of Palms."

† "The long reign of error in the world," says this enlightened philosopher, "and the influence it maintains, even in an age of liberal inquiry,—far from being favourable to the supposition, that human reason is destined to be for ever the sport of prejudice and absurdity,—demonstrates the tendency which there is to permanence in established opinions, and in established institutions; and promises an eternal stability to true philosophy, when it shall once have acquired the ascendant, and when proper means shall be employed to support it, by a more perfect system of education.

"Let us suppose, for a moment, that this happy era were arrived, and that all the prepossessions of childhood and youth were directed to support the pure and sublime truths of an enlightened morality:—with what ardour and with what transport would the understanding, when arrived at maturity, proceed in the search of truth, when, instead of being obliged to struggle at every step with early preju-

Whose lucid diction gave to themes abstruse,
Distinctness, beauty, and familiar use;
Where Brown,* with honest aim and thought profound,
Disdain'd opinions old and narrow-bound;

dices, its office was merely to add the force of philosophical conviction, to impressions, which are equally delightful to imagination and dear to the heart!"—*Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.*

* Brown has distinguished, in a pleasing manner, one of the sources of happiness from the struggles of ambition:—"The dignity which we thus covet, and for the attainment of which, ambition would urge us to so many anxieties and struggles, and perhaps, too, to so much guilt, nature confers on us by a much more simple process; and a process which, far from leading into vice, is itself the exercise of virtue. She has only to give us a sincere and lively friendship for him who possesses it, and all his enjoyments are ours. Our soul, to use St. Bernard's phrase, exists when it loves, and it exists in all the enjoyments of him whom it loves."—Vol. iii. p. 273.

With conscience pure, unknown the sceptic's dread,
Boldly advanced where truth unfetter'd led.
Why, after all the labours of this school,
Is SCOTIA mindless of the moral rule?
As nearer to perfection theories tend,
The race degen'rates from a virtuous end.
There, where with classic taste and equal force,
The Lecturer still holds on his brilliant course,
In vain professors urge more equal laws,
Or mark of vice the anti-social cause,
While power, directed solely by the few,
Weighs not each maxim, whether false or true—
But holds that sacred which the million curbs,
Nor ancient right of property disturbs.

WILSON, arise! once more the lyre resume;
And, since the paths of virtue you illume
With graceful eloquence, are still perceived
By none but those of liberty bereaved,

Show what attractions to the Muse belong,
When *native* Isles demand the patriot song—
For then the holiest sympathies inspire
The sage's precept with the poet's fire.

And will not COLERIDGE, of mankind "The Friend,"
His various powers to Social Science lend;—
He who so ably mark'd this age of pelf,
Branding the low and sordid aims of self;—*

* How admirably has Coleridge distinguished, in the following lines, the Competitive from the Co-operative System:—

" No common centre Man, no common sire
Knoweth! A sordid, solitary thing,
Mid countless brethren, with a lonely heart
Through courts and cities the smooth Savage roams,
Feeling himself, his own low Self the whole:
When he, by sacred sympathy, might make
The whole One Self! Self, that no alien knows!
Self, far diffused as Fancy's wing can travel!

Sublimely sang what sympathy would give,
When men as brothers should together live?
He will; for such th' effusions of his heart
As nought but genuine feeling could impart.
Now, when "the noon-tide majesty" of man,
Sustain'd by love derived from justice' plan,
Demands the lyre,—shall bards inspired refuse
Harmonious strains to the triumphant muse?—
That muse who, conscious of man's latent powers,
Foretold the glories of his future hours.

Self, spreading still! oblivious of its own,
Yet all of all possessing!"

" 'Tis the sublime of man
Our noon-tide majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!
This fraternises man, this constitutes
Our charities and bearings."

COLERIDGE's *Religious Musings.*

What graceful band comes tripping o'er the lawn,
Light as the dews that fall in early dawn,
Waving gay garlands? Joyously they pass,
And scarcely seem to touch the verdant grass:
I saw them issue from yon rosy bower,
Where sweetly blooms each fresh and fragrant flower.
And hark that music!—what celestial sounds
Rise like enchantment from these fairy grounds!
'Tis MOORE—the bard who sweeps the rapt'rous lyre
With wonted spirit, but with purer fire.
The sportive Graces come whene'er he sings,
And Nature all her richest treasures brings;
Melodious birds, and those of beauteous dye,
The transient glories of the changing sky;
The gurgling waters, and the purple vine,
The orient splendours of the golden mine;

Spring's sweetest flowers, the Summer's rich
attire,
Autumnal hues, and Winter's cheerful fire;
Temples all glittering with a thousand rays
From the mild sapphire to the diamond's blaze—
If to his brilliant muse these gifts belong,
Why lend such riches to a trifling song?
Why not arrest with joy the fleeting hour
With themes more worthy his exalted power?

ATTICUS.

Full well we know how deeply MOORE has felt,
When on his country's wrongs his genius dwelt:
With biting irony, in "Captain Rock,"
He sought each feign'd or lukewarm zeal to
mock;
Traced IRELAND's miseries up the stream of
time,
Nor found one era for the song sublime;

No chief paternal seeking to assuage
The people's grief, and to improve his age.

AUTHOR.

He has our thanks; but why sufficient deem
This oft-repeated, but despised theme? *

* The world, it seems, has long been under a delusion with regard to the distresses of Ireland; which, if we can be satisfied with the description of the Earl of Limerick, prospers under the fostering care of a paternal government!

"There is scarcely a parish in which a dispensary is not established; supported by the rich, by the middling classes, and even by the comparatively poor. The people, therefore, are not in such a state of helpless destitution. It is impossible for Government to do every thing: they have already done much; they have employed the people, in great numbers, on roads and bridges—not, indeed at the expense of the public, but by advances which are subsequently repaid."—*State of the Irish Poor. May* 1, 1828.

Never was language uttered more calculated than this to bring His Majesty's Government into contempt; and it is well

Though those who fought with Britons side by side,
And wives whose husbands in the field have died,
May now neglected in their cabins lie,
Depress'd by sickness, or may starving die; *
What care the nobles, though Tyrtæus sing
Their plaintive griefs, and make the valleys ring?
They, far away, no bard or peasant hear,
In power confide, and no convulsions fear.

that his lordship escaped a reprimand from the Woolsack for the impotence and mockery of so lame an apology.

* The Irish soldier would deem himself richly rewarded for the toils of war, were he to have the allotment Juvenal reprobated as a scanty pittance for the Roman warrior.

Tandem pro multis vix jugera bina dabantur
Vulneribus. JUVENALIS Sat. 14.

ATTICUS.

Less freely blame each bold and patriot bard;
Their fine sensations feelingly regard:
Presuming thus the poet's course to guide,
Will you for Moore his proper sphere decide?
Since he was urged to court a chaster muse,
And to voluptuous strains his lyre refuse;
Who has not mark'd his elevated style,
And heard with pride the Bard of Erin's Isle?

AUTHOR.

O! I can feel how exquisitely fine
The tender pathos of his lyric line—
The gems that sparkle with unfading fire,
And all his splendid images admire.
If others have a perfect scheme beheld,
From abler minds it cannot be withheld;
Clear will it shine, when Genius sheds its ray,
With all the brightness of meridian day.

END OF PART III.

THE REPROOF OF BRUTUS.

PART IV.

PART IV.

Superstition in general — Corrupted Christianity — Mr. Owen's Social System—Overthrow of Superstitions—Reign of Truth, and consequent Happiness of Mankind.

THE REPROOF OF BRUTUS.

PART IV.

"No man has yet appeared, of so great constancy and firmness of mind, as to impose upon himself the total extirpation of theories and common notions, and offer the understanding quite plain and smooth, to receive particulars anew; and, therefore, that knowledge we have is nothing more than an undigested heap, and collection of much faith and accident, mixed with abundance of childish notions imbibed in our youth." LORD BACON.

AUTHOR.

SURVEY the globe entire, and mark the spot
Where superstitious fears and dreams are not:

In every varied clime, from pole to pole,
Some fancied vengeance terrifies the soul.
The poor Canadian, trembling at the sound
Of tempest raging his frail hut around,
Dreads in the lightning's glare th' avenging rod,
And in the thunder hears the voice of God.
Ah! why, meek spirit, should such fears impart
These needless terrors to thy guileless heart?
Thou hast not learnt a brother's share to claim
By power despotic, or insidious aim;
Perverted faith, to prove the land is thine,
And guard injustice with a right divine;
Nor charm'd to silence the anointed priest
With ample portions of th' unholy feast. *

* "Force first made conquest, and that conquest law,
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe;
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects, made."

POPE.

The cheerful chase thy simple wants supplies,
And nobly generous, thou yield'st the prize:
With spotless conscience rest — oh! rest in
peace;
Ere morning's dawn the furious storm shall
cease.

In gloomy caverns and secluded cells,
Remote from man, the pale ascetic dwells:
He too, all trembling, deprecates the rod,
And hopes by penance to appease his God;
With frequent fastings, and uplifted eyes,
All earthly joy and sympathy denies;
Whate'er can charm the taste, the eye, the ear,
Barely participates, or shuns with fear:
Yet still his angry Deity requires
Some sterner duties than suppress'd desires:
To daily punishment his body gives,
And for austere repentance only lives.

Not so with him who fill'd St. Peter's chair,
And all the Cardinals who revell'd there;

Where classic Leo check'd the Vandal's rage,
Recall'd to Rome a great Augustan age,
And lordly priests, in robes superb array'd,
In gorgeous palaces their wealth display'd;
Where once the Vatican, with thunder loud,
Hurl'd kings from thrones, and aw'd the
wond'ring crowd. *
Such the vicegerents of that Spirit calm,
Who ne'er excited by bold threats alarm,
Who taught with meekness, and with patience
strove—
Whose words were sweetness, and whose life
was love;
Of Him who knew not where to lay his head,
And for his precepts on Mount Calvary bled.

* Charles V. had a consultation of divines at Salamanca, to know, if in good conscience a human body might be dissected, for the sake of knowing its structure.

How much more like the persecuting tribe *
Who now profess his precepts to imbibe;
Who from the Romanist with zeal protest,
And still with enmity regard the rest;
Whose faith, perchance less copious than their
own,
Some further trifling doctrine must disown;
And those who differ in this slight degree,
A greater diff'rence with aversion see;—
Till doctrines, down the graduated scale,
Grow less and less, at length entirely fail.

* "Surely in councils concerning Religion, that counsel of the Apostle would be prefixed:—

'Ira hominis non implet justitiam Dei:'

and it was a notable observation of a wise father, and no less ingenuously confessed, that those, which held and persuaded pressure of consciences, were commonly interested therein themselves for their own ends."—LORD BACON.

Sad is their fate, who under zero sink:
What troubles wait on him who dares to think;
With feeling heart and conscientious mind,
To deep research, but more to truth inclined;
Should he with candour state an honest doubt,*
All sects arise to drive the sceptic out
From social intercourse, his peace invade,
And join exulting in a new crusade.†

* It is related that Mede had all his scholars come to him at his chambers in the evening; and the first question he put to each was, "Quid dubitas?"—"What doubts have you met with in your studies to-day?" For he supposed, that to doubt nothing, and to understand nothing, was just the same thing. This was right, and the only method to make young men exercise their rational powers, and not to acquiesce in what they learn mechanically, and by rote, with an indolence of spirit, which prepares them to receive and swallow implicitly whatever is offered them.

† "I am not afraid of those tender and scrupulous consciences who are over-cautious of professing and believing

ATTICUS.

Since you so earnestly a martyr deem
The great Exemplar of the Christian scheme;
Who, tho' revil'd, reviled not again,
And on the altar like a lamb was slain;
Let me intreat you to adopt some sect.

AUTHOR.

Not I, indeed: whenever I detect
Doctrines and faith pure morals prized above,*
I've seen too oft deficiency in love—

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too much; if they are sincerely in the wrong, I forgive their errors, and respect their integrity: the men I am afraid of, are, the men who believe every thing, subscribe to every thing, and vote for every thing."—Bishop Shipley.

* The people were more enraged at Torrentius for his heretical opinions, than for his immoral paintings; and "it is probable," says his biographer, "that if he had kept himself clear from the former, he might have indulged himself very securely in the latter."

Dislike to others of a different creed,
And hate, not charity, opinions breed.
Yet some, in each opposing sect, I've found,
To whom I've been in warmest friendship bound.
Many there are adorning every age:
CROWTHER, alas! belongs to history's page;*
TAYLOR, and SECKER, TILLOTSON, and MEDE—
The pious PORTEUS, good in word and deed.
Such are the men whose lives a pledge had given,
That they had found the happiest way to heaven:

* The Rev. Samuel Crowther, A.M., Vicar of Christchurch, Newgate Street, lately deceased. Such was the high estimation in which this truly excellent man was held by his parishioners, that they resolve to erect a monument in testimony of their gratitude and respect for his numerous virtues.

'Qui patriarchum in ecclesia meruit, parochus obiit.'

In doctrine earnest, but in manner mild,
Blending the winning sweetness of the child
With firmness from their holy truths derived;
Lucid their speech, though not by art contrived.
Save me, oh! save me from obstreperous rant,
And whining, soft, insinuating cant—
That with officious meddling would control
The free-born mind, to save the precious soul:*
Though good your deeds, no better your condition;
One faith alone can snatch you from perdition.

* It is recorded in the *Times* Newspaper, Oct. 20, 1825, that an unfortunate shipwrecked seaman applied to the Lord Mayor for advice. He had been wrecked off Yarmouth, and had neither employment, friends, or money. He said he was starving. The Lord Mayor suggested an application to the "Strangers' Friend Society;" but he was informed that that society took care of the souls of sailors, but not of their bodies.

ATTICUS.

At once resolve the, which is so divine?

AUTHOR.

A thousand sects exclaim—"That faith is
mine."*

ATTICUS.

Unite with one, 'tis folly to refuse—
Such friendly feelings rise in that you choose.

* In a late treaty between England and the Prince Royal of the Brazils, a negotiation was pending to procure a stipulation for tolerating the Protestant Religion in Brazil. This was most warmly resisted by a Catholic Archbishop. His Eminence being told that the Catholic Religion was tolerated by our Sovereign, replied—"That is a very different case. The false religion may tolerate the true; but it does not follow that the true ought to tolerate the false."

AUTHOR.

What if I join one Church—can I be sure
No boisterous, ceaseless cavils to endure?
These restless souls are not so closely knit,
But often into strange divisions split:
One path is enter'd; some will call out, "Sir,
You must not—on your life, you must not stir
Without a guide—so devious is the way,
That many a child of sin has gone astray."
Another cries, "Move on, but not so fast;"
While swiftly fly more ardent zealots past.
Some urge the track a little to the right,
And some the left; but those who boast more
light,
(Such are the subdivisions of each sect)
Boldly advance along the line direct.

ATTICUS.

To your own judgment there's some def'rence
due;

AUTHOR.

And I m resolved to exercise it too.

The Bible proves a most convenient book,
Where sects unnumber'd for their dogmas look—

* The differences among sectaries are thus described by Dr. Heylyn:

"Worse fared it with the brethren of the separation, who had retired themselves unto Amsterdam, in the former reign, than with their first founders and forefathers, in the Church of England; for, having broken in sunder the bond of peace, they found no possibility of preserving the spirit of unity, one separation growing continually on the neck of another, till they were crumbled into nothing. The brethren of the first separation had found fault with the Church of England for reading prayers and homilies as they lay in the book, and not admitting the presbytery to take place amongst them. But the brethren of the second separation take as much distaste against retaining all set forms of hymns and psalms,

Nor look in vain; for if they cannot find
A text exactly suited to their mind,

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committing their conceptions, both in praying and prophecying, and singing of psalms, to the help of memory; and then subjoin this maxim, in which all agreed, that is to say, that there is the same reason of helps in all parts of spiritual worship. Upon which ground they charge it home on their fellow separatists,—that as in prayer the book is to be laid aside, by the confession of the ancient brethren of the separation, so it must also be in prophecying and singing of psalms; and therefore whether we pray, or sing, or prophecy, it is not to be from the book, but out of the heart. For prophecying, next they tell us, that the spirit is quenched two manner of ways, by memory as well as reading; and to make known how little use there is of memory in the act of prophecying or preaching, they tell us, that the citing of chapter and verse (as not being used by Christ and his Apostles in their sermons and writings) is a mark of Antichrist. And as for psalms, which make the third part of spiritual worship, they propose these queries: 1st, Whether in a psalm a man must be tied to metre, and rhyme, and

A small degree of freedom is allow'd
To soften censure, and to soothe the proud;

tune; and whether voluntary be not as necessary in tune and words, as well as matter? And 2nd, Whether metre, rhyme, and tune, be not quenching the spirit? According to which resolution of the new separation, every man, when the congregation shall be met together, may first conceive his own matter in the act of praising, deliver it in prose or metre as he lists himself, and in the same instant chant out, in what tune soever, that which comes first into his head; which would be such a horrible confusion of tongues and voices, that hardly any howling or gnashing of teeth can be equal to it. Finally, as to forms of government, they declared thus:—that as they who live under the tyranny of the Pope and cardinals, worship the very beast itself; and they who live under the government of Archbishops, do worship the image of the beast; so they which willingly obey the reformed Presbytery of pastors, elders, and deacons, worship the shadow of that image. In this posture stood the brethren of the separation, anno 1606, when Smith first pub-

To yield support to notions preconceived,
And make all doctrines in their turn believed.*
No wonder, then, if often found by such
A word too little, or a word too much:
Not with one syllable will this dispense,
But takes the passage in a literal sense;
Some from a literal meaning slightly swerve,
And still admit it, though with some reserve.

lished his book, 'Of the present differences between the Churches of the Separation:' but afterwards there arose another great dispute between Ainsworth and Broughton, whether the colour of Aaron's linen ephod were of blue or sea-water green; which did not only trouble all the dyers of Amsterdam, but draw their several followers into sides, and factions."—HEYLYN'S *Hist. of the Presbyterians.*

* "Signs are also to be taken from the progress and increase of philosophies, and the sciences: for things planted in nature will grow and enlarge; but things founded in opinion will differ, and not thrive." —LORD BACON *on the Signs and Characteristics of False Philsophy.*

Poetic souls a figure can descry,
And strict construction of the text defy;
The Sacred Volume of its truth would rob,
And find a fable in the Book of JOB.
Others, more curious, or more cunning, seek
A different reading in the ancient Greek—
As CLARKE, translating with superior grace,
And lo! an Ape supplies the Serpent's place.
For faith in Mysteries let others rove;
Enough for me—the book inculcates Love;
And all may find, who humbly seek the truth,
For age a comfort, and a guide for youth.
Let the ingenuous, who with spirit meek
Desire unerring paths to wisdom, seek
The living waters at the sacred fount,
And conn with care the Sermon on the Mount.
Should those who doubt, with charity impart,
They'll learn conviction from a feeling heart—
That holy sympathy, by nature given,
To yield on earth the promised bliss of heaven.

OWEN, to you belongs the rare delight
To bless the world with truth's eternal light:*
You gave the polity which knows no change,
Whate'er the clime or country it may range;
Rending the veil by superstition made,
A glorious temple to the world display'd;—
Who, tracing morals by BACONIAN rules,
Have found those truths which baffled all the schools;
And shown the sciolist, with his airy dreams,
His little modicums and trifling schemes,
How futile all attempts to govern man
By any than a just and general plan;

* "But if the utility of any particular invention can affect mankind so much as to make them think him more than human, who could by any single benefit oblige the whole species, how much more noble must it appear, to discover some one thing, by which all others may readily be discovered?"—LORD BACON.

Where not the smallest error is allow'd
To aid oppression, or the truth to shroud:
With basis firm upholding virtue's cause,
Derived from nature's universal laws.
Proceed in all the fulness of your strength;
Undaunted zeal and courage shall at length
Bear down the systems that so long withstood
The shock of ages, and withheld the good
Reserved for man, till in maturer times
Science should banish tyranny and crimes:*
At first opposed, your banners now unfurl'd,
Display this knowledge to an anxious world.

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* "In the sciences, the observations and conjectures of obscure individuals on those subjects which are level to their capacities, and which fall under their own immediate notice, accumulate for a course of years; till at last some philosopher arises, who combines these scattered materials, and exhibits in his system, not merely the force of a single mind, but the intellectual power of the age in which he lives."—DUGALD STEWART.

—'Nature and training only mould the mind,
And mark the course to which you 're most
inclined;
Character is form'd on truth's unerring plan
FOR and not BY the individual man. *

* The character of the individual is the combined effect of his peculiar organization, and the influence produced upon that organization by the circumstances by which he has been surrounded. But, says the opponent of the principle that the character is formed FOR the individual, I can at this moment direct my own conduct, and control circumstances—

"Et mihi res, non me rebus, submittere conor:"

forgetting that the judgment and inclination with which he exercises that control, are the result of previous and existing circumstances; and that whatever may be his conduct at the time being, it will as inevitably have some effect upon the future, as the local and accidental circumstances of

This maxim known, who, now inform'd, can blame,
Or idly climb, th' ignoble heights of fame?
Truth, holy Truth, on wings of science borne,
Shall bid afflicted nations cease to mourn.
Zealots, no more in fierce sectarian strife
Contest the portals to eternal life:
Renouncing error, from your broils refrain;
With candour own, your minds are born again;

his birth and subsequent life have contributed to the formation of his mind and to his present determination.

Our belief and affections are not at our command; they are totally independent of the will. The conviction of the understanding alone irresistibly determines our belief; and we can love that only which appears to us to be lovely: so just is the remark of Ovid—" Ut ameris, amabilis." It is, therefore, inconsistent to blame any individual for not believing, or liking, in conformity with our own convictions or affections.

Joyful confess what lovely Truth can give;
And, bless'd with sympathy, begin to live.'—
Aroused by truth, the path of science trod,
The noble savage hears no threat'ning God *
In awful thunder, but unites his power
With others to avert the dangerous hour;
His friendly roof a kind protection yields,
And from the raging storm the trav'ler shields:
The Anchorite now quits his dark retreats,
And owns a brother in each man he meets;
The rigid Calvinist's contracted creed
From all exclusion is for ever freed;
Churchmen no more regard with jealous fear,
Doubts conscientious, that should hearts endear:

* Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.
VIRG., Georg. Lib. 2.

With barriers broken, mingled into one,
Rejoicing sects their race of friendship run;
For e'en the Conclave sees the Roman Chief
Resign to truth the ritual's belief;—
Beholding bliss unhoped beneath the skies,
The Pontiff from his throne descends, to rise.
Where Egypt rears her pyramids on high,
With vain attempts from nature's laws to fly,
Her sons discard the toiling fruitless art,
And build their temples in each other's heart:
Error no longer from the Koran flows;
Nor bold imposture breeds its endless woes;
Mahomet's laws are now by wisdom weigh'd,
His fable fled, his truths in light array'd.*

* "But if the philosophers, before they descended to the popular and received notions of virtue and vice, pain and pleasure, &c., had dwelt longer upon discovering the roots and fibres of good and evil, they would, doubtless, have thus gained great light to their subsequent inquiries:

The prostrate Persian, ere the day's begun,
Watching with piety the dawning Sun,
Rises to view more glorious living shrines;
For Man, the centre of his system shines.

In India's land, where superstition sways
Despotic power, and horrid rites displays,
With bloody sacrifice, in gloom profound,
Where Brahma's victims are for ever bound;
In charnel-house before their idols bow,
Or fix'd in anguish by the dreadful vow;
Where self-inflicted wounds, exposed by day,
Receive fresh torture from the scorching ray;
Undaunted widows mount the flaming pile,
And mid consuming fires victorious smile;
Fanatics, impell'd by wild demoniac dream,
Rejoicing plunge in Ganges sacred stream;

especially if they had consulted the nature of things, as well as moral maxims, they would have shortened their doctrines, and laid them deeper."—LORD BACON.

Unnumber'd pilgrims, journeying from afar,
Are crush'd beneath the ponderous fatal car.
  Such are the cruel gods Hindoos revere:
Opinion finds its proudest triumph here. *
Enlighten'd precepts had been taught in vain
By learned missions, pious and humane:
India ne'er found to bliss a surer way,
Till Europe's CONDUCT should the truth display;
Each caste, pure knowledge hailing with delight,
In bonds of amity with all unite.
  See distant China too her errors own;
Idols grotesque, and ancient wall o'erthrown,

* "Je parcourus toute l'Asie; je cherchai chez les Brames, chez les Chinois, chez les philosophes du Gange, cette sagesse dont j'étais amoureux: partout je trouvai la superstition plus chère à l'homme que la vérité. La vérité, dont tout le charme est d'être simple, n'éblouit pas comme l'erreur."—FLORIAN.

Recurs once more to wisdom's sacred page,
Again confesses her CONFUCIUS' sage.
Thus science yields at last, to man, that love
Confined for ages to the realms above.
Nature itself revives—the fruitful earth
Starts into life as if from second birth:
The barren wilderness, the sterile soil,
Their harvest bring without laborious toil;
For even these must yield to union's power,
And bless with plenty each revolving hour.
Where once the pilgrim o'er the burning sand
Grieved for the day he left his father's land—
No grateful stream allay'd his raging thirst,
No rivers flow'd—behold! the waters burst
From lucid springs, by ardent science found,
Its skill triumphant o'er the stubborn ground:
In jungles where ferocious tigers prowl,
The lions roar, and fierce hyænas howl;

Where the huge serpent, arm'd with massy
scales,
Each beast rapacious fearlessly assails,
Coils round the body with resistless strength,
And lays his struggling victim out at length ;
There, where beheld the sanguinary scene,
In peaceful sports are little children seen
Racing, with laughing eyes, across the lawn,
Striving in vain to catch the bounding fawn ;
Alike with tigers and with kittens play,
Or with the winding snake delighted stray.
The forest's monarch now forgets his right,
Unused to sport, but still averse to fight;
The playful children try each art in vain—
Ride on his back, or climb his shaggy main ;
With beauteous flowers his noble form be-
deck,
And hang the garland round his royal neck ;—
With regal honours every limb is graced,
A crown of roses on his head is placed :

As if unconscious of the joyous throng,
In solemn majesty he moves along;—
Of reigning tired, declines the proffer'd crown—
He steals away, and with the lamb lies down.
 Where the rank weeds luxuriant fields o'er-run,
Flowers of all hues await the morning sun;
With opening buds the parent call obey,
And yield their beauties to the genial ray;
Raised by his power, yet still his triumph share,
And with sweet fragrance fill the ambient air;—
As sons to sires judicious care repay,
By adding charms to love and wisdom's sway.

END OF PART IV.

THE REPROOF OF BRUTUS.

PART V.

PART V.

Force of Maternal Love—Author's Reminiscences of the village of Bramford — Mr. Martin of Galway — Description of Bramford Grove—Close of day—Atticus censures the Author for digressing from his subject—Reminds him of the censures of criticism—Modern Critics.

THE REPROOF OF BRUTUS.

PART V.

Il laisse au loin mugir les orages du monde ;
Sur les bords d'une eau vive, à l'ombre des berceaux,
Il dit, en bénissant sa retraite profonde,
C'est dans l'obscurité qu'habite le repos.
L'homme, occupé d'étendre et d'ennoblir son être,
Au sein d'un doux loisir apprend à se connoître.
C'est là qu'il apprécie à leur juste valeur
Les prestiges légers que la foule idolâtre.

LEONARD.

AUTHOR.

If there's a motive soaring far above
Our ruling passions—'tis Maternal Love.

Ah! one I knew, so self-devote to all,
Whether in prosperous state or adverse fall—
But chiefly those whom fortune least had bless'd,
Their claims most favor'd who were most distress'd:
One, at whose name such grateful feelings spring,
And bland encouragements to virtue bring;
Whose precepts all in love and duty rife,
But more the bright example of her life;
Whose long-remember'd cares again impart
A sweet, but pensive pleasure to the heart.
When through the midnight gloom she watch'd her child,
Her tender cares the tedious hours beguiled;—
Soothed the keen pangs as throbb'd his aching breast,
Cheer'd him with hope, but all her fears suppress'd;

Duty preferr'd to all that wealth could give,
And but to succour others cared to live.
Nor less to him who all her virtues shared,
The kindest parent, were her duties spared;
Her faithful partner, and the best of friends,
Whose worth, my praise, but not my love
transcends.

Tell me, ye casuists, since this love we trace
E'en mid the conflicts of a selfish race,
How can ye doubt such feelings will arise,
When to impart demands no sacrifice?—
When all our objects to one centre tend,
And self and social love together blend? *

* "All things," says Lord Bacon, "are endued with an appetite to two kinds of good; the one, as the thing is a whole in itself; the other, as it is a part of some greater whole: and this latter is more worthy and more powerful than the other; as it tends to the conservation of a more ample form. The first may be called individual or self-good; and the latter, good of communion." It is the union

But ere I quit the bright examples seen,
So widely scatter'd, "few and far between,"
One more occurs; who, with no common claims,
Deserves the record of her virtuous aims.
Although her life has reach'd near fourscore
years,
Yet still 'tis hers to dry affliction's tears,—
To yield her bounty to the friend distress'd,
And soothing care to those by sickness press'd;
Nor yet too prompt the wanderer's faults to
blame,—
When error brought its punishment and shame,

of these "two kinds of good" which constitutes the perfection of the Social System. Such is the character of the equitable institutions under which the members of a community receive their superior education, that they cannot fail to perceive that their individual interests are dependent solely upon the general welfare, and that any violation of the latter will recoil upon each.

Relieved his wants, and bade him mend his
way,
Nor more from paths of moral duty stray.
None to their church more strict attention paid,
Sincerely pious, but without parade
A Christian,—not in outward forms alone,
For true religion in her conduct shone.
Oft on the Sabbath-day, in dresses fine,
The aged peasants in her kitchen dine;
Approach the parlour door, and grateful say—
"Return you many thanks, Ma'am," then
away
Again to church, and offer humble praise,
That God protectors of the poor should raise.
The village schools her generous kindness
shared,
Where smiling innocence with joy repair'd.
Long will the parents, and the children fond,
At Bramford, grateful bless the name of
Bond.

Delightful BRAMFORD! where my earliest hope
In youthful ardour sought too wide a scope:
For oft when lingering in thy verdant fields,
Whose healthful breeze a calm enjoyment yields,
'Twas Nature's beauties playing round my heart,
That gave the wish such feelings to impart.
The world unknown, I vainly thought to find
Congenial sympathies in all mankind:—
Too soon I learnt that all were bent on gain—*
Too soon compell'd to join the sordid train.
Yet still, whene'er the struggling toil allow'd
A respite brief from competition's crowd,

* "Hic vivimus ambitiosâ
Paupertate omnes: quid te moror? Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio." JUVENALIS Sat. 3.

I flew once more to Bramford's sweet retreat,
Where memory fond had fix'd her chosen seat.
Patient, on yonder bridge, in boyhood's days,
I strove with art the finny tribe to raise ;—
The silvery eel, the perch, the cautious roach,
The ravenous pike—that darts at near approach:
Till, on a sultry day, excessive heat
Drove me for shelter to a neighbouring seat;
Beneath th' umbrageous oak the poet read,
Who first my thoughts to this reflection led:—
'Why seek thy pleasures in another's pain?'
Ne'er could I throw the artful line again,
Or view the prey, without compunction, lie
Gasping for breath—with tedious torments die:
Nor all the eloquence of WALTON's book
Could fix one tortured worm upon the hook.
And thus aroused, I first was taught to rove
For purer pleasures in the peaceful grove.

ATTICUS.

What care the Public for your private life—
Whether 'tis pass'd in quiet or in strife?

AUTHOR.

I beg the Public's pardon.

ATTICUS.

Well you may,
While from your theme you thus romantic stray.

AUTHOR.

As Martin interceded for the horse,
When menials drove and whipt without remorse,
I caught the sentiment with earnest wish,
To say a word or two about the fish.
But fish and flesh and fowl will still be pain'd,
Till man himself has more improvement gain'd.

Martin, like Peel, effects alone surveys,
And might as well attempt the solar rays
In vain to hide—to reap the corn alone
Where choking tares are in profusion sown;
Gather from thistles figs—from thorns the grape, *
As competition's evils to escape.

* Matt. cap. 7, ver. 16.—" Ye shall know them by their fruits: Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

17.—" Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit: but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit."

18.—" A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit: neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

A complete education, including that most important, but hitherto neglected part—the influence of circumstances and of equitable institutions, has been very imperfectly attempted. The preceptor has not only been unaided by the legislator, but the customs and institutions of society have been in direct opposition to his maxims. The more rapid improvement of the world must depend chiefly upon such

With the whole system on a basis built
Fruitful in all variety of guilt.
Bramford again—

ATTICUS.

This cannot be allow'd;
I thought your lines were for the suffering crowd.

AUTHOR.

For them alone—I'm sure they'll not refuse
One short excursion to their faithful Muse.

ATTICUS.

Quick then; nor let your episode be long,
Nor local interests the Public wrong.

humane characters as Mr. Martin; and it will be fortunate for mankind, if they can be induced to exert themselves in the removal of the causes of crime, rather than be ineffectually employed in punishing delinquency.

AUTHOR.

That grove which birds with sweetest music fill;
Whose richest foliage crowns the rising hill;
Where, as I mount, the varied view unfolds—
The summit gained, the raptured eye beholds
Luxuriant meadows—water'd by a stream,
That, winding, glitters with the trembling beam.
The lofty bridge, beside the village spire,
Each well-known object memory's joys inspire:
That mansion old, with spacious park around,
Where opening glades and scatter'd brakes abound—
There dwelt the Landlord of a wide domain,
The hills surrounding and the spacious plain—
To tenants generous, to the poor a friend,
Prompt at each call a willing help to lend.
Must deep regret embitter here the mind—
To mark the change degenerate, and to find

No patron now for poverty to feel—
No friend to whom the peasant can appeal;
Though near the lodge, a lengthen'd village lies
In want,—that rural happiness defies,—
This sad reproach impairs the lovely scene,
That from this long-remember'd terrace seen.
Then let me turn, and trace each path once more,
And all the beauties of these woods explore:
For here, at least, oppression's ills are not—
Pure nature dwells in this sequester'd spot.
Ye sacred groves of wide-spread towering trees,
Whose loftiest branches bend beneath the breeze;
Which far below no favoring entrance finds—
The leaves scarce conscious of the passing winds;—

No Gothic temple soaring high, what time
The pealing organ rolls its notes sublime,
With deeper inspiration fills the heart,
Than these enchanting solitudes impart ;*
Where, passion hush'd, far better understood
The bland instruction of the wise and good –
The sons of genius, who with magic power
Can charm away the solitary hour.
Those old men eloquent, or favorite bard,
O'er whose bless'd page I pored with fond regard,

* " Heureux qui, des mortels oubliant les chimères,
Possède un compagne, un livre, un ami sûr,
Et vit indépendant sous le toít de ses pères !
Pour lui le ciel se peint d'un éternel azur;
L'innocence embellit son front toujours paisible ;
La vérité l'éclaire, et descend dans son cœur ;
Et par un sentier peu pénible
La nature, qu'il suit, le conduit au bonheur."

LEONARD.

Taught me to find, in nature's boundless store,
Some latent beauty unperceived before.
Yes, I have felt—ah! how intensely felt—
The calm delight that in this woodland dwelt.
'Twas here alone I form'd the strong desire
To climb the heights of knowledge, and aspire
To things all excellent, and virtue hail;
Then wept to think the firm resolve so frail.
Still as I wander down this shelter'd glen,
Benignant memory revives again.

When evening came, it found me in the vale,
Where music, borne upon the dying gale,
Was sweetly wafted o'er the distant hill
In soften'd tones, when all beside was still.
O! had I known with horrid war's alarms
The bugle sounded, it had lost its charms!—
Degrading union! Music's power divine
Belongs where peace and all the virtues shine;

Where wisdom, beauty, charity resort,
Whate'er is lovely and of good report;
To yon bright orb, departing in the west,
To wearied nature as she sinks to rest.
And now the bat, with strange and devious flight,
Welcomes, in gloomy lane, the fall of night; —
The lonely owl, with solitary cry,
(Discordant tone!) proclaims her dwelling nigh.
But hark! the nightingale's melodious notes!
Through the calm air, the mellow music floats.
These are the charms a constant pleasure bring,
And give to life one universal spring;
Whate'er decay'd, as years revolving flew,
For ever beauteous, and for ever new.
If I remember childhood's earliest deed,
'Twas gathering cowslips in the flowery mead;

Hard by the house where first impressions
came,
And from the sycamore has ta'en its name.

ATTICUS.

Cease, cease, this wandering egotistic strain—
From private feelings and affairs refrain.
Is this a time the oaten reed to play—
In this deplorable momentous day,
Pregnant with ills, the cup of misery full,*
To sing of nightingales, or cowslips cull?
Resume the People's—

AUTHOR.

I should like them better,
If of opinions old they'd break the fetter.

---

* "Nil erit ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat
Posteritas: eadem cupient facientque minores.
Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit."

JUVENALIS Sat. 1.

Grant me, ye gods, but Stentor's voice of
thunder,
Soon would I make them burst their bonds
asunder.*
For prejudice has caused a world of trouble,
And made, at least, my lucubrations double.

ATTICUS.

BYRON, you know, was a great poet rated;
In him these double rhymes were tolerated:

* D'Alembert, in one of his dialogues, makes Descartes say, — "qu'il eut la main pleine de vérités, il ne l'ouvriroit pas pour les en laisser sortir. Il ne faut ni tenir la main fermée, ni l'ouvrir tout à la fois; il faut ouvrir les doigts l'un après l'autre: la vérité s'en échappe peu-à-peu, sans faire courir aucun risque à ceux qui la laissent échapper." I differ entirely from this opinion, considering it for the advantage of mankind that truth should be promulgated as rapidly as it is discovered.

Spurning the censures of the caustic critic
With scorn defied the talent analytic.
But how can you, in this a first essay,
Escape—and hope the angry storm t' allay?

AUTHOR.

To me alike their censure or applause,
If unaffected were my righteous cause:

* To those critics who are prompt to decide upon philosophical truths, upon which their previous pursuits and studies do not render them competent to pronounce a sound judgment, I recommend the perusal of the article in the *British Critic*, October, 1808, upon "An Heroic Epistle to Mr. Winsor, the Patentee of the Hydro-carbonic Gas Lights," commencing thus:—"We hail this effusion as one of the happiest, most pointed, and most witty pieces of satire on a *temporary delusion*, which has appeared since the days of Swift. The individual to whom it is addressed, the subject which has engaged his attention, the curiosity of the public towards him, and their repeated disappointments, are all matters of sufficient notoriety." If the critic is still living, it is to be hoped that he is improved in modesty.

But now the Public, from no trammels freed,
Wait till the critics tell them what to read.

ATTICUS.

Then since their influence so wide extends,
And to their own the general reasoning bends,
To deprecate a hasty judgment strive;
That truth and virtue may the sooner thrive.
Where is the mighty engine like the press—
To foster error and prolong distress?
Or fabricate the wings for Science' flight,
To bless the distant nations with her light

AUTHOR.

I grant the power; but oh! what hirelings now
Before the venal altars cringing bow!—
They lead the public taste, improve the mind?
They guide our footsteps—who themselves are blind?

Form'd in like mould, 'tis theirs.—the prurient
wish
To cater for the world some favorite dish.

ATTICUS.

"Hirelings," and "blind!" are those the
words that you,
Who other hearts with kindness would imbue,
Employ to designate the moral ills,
Ere knowledge virtuous principle instils?

AUTHOR.

'Tis wrong, I own; but who has calmly read
Vapid assertions in bold ignorance bred?
Have we not seen, on Man's improvement
bent,
Him, who a life in anxious study spent,
By varied practice and laborious thought,
A social system to completion brought,—
Condemn'd by flippants of a transient day,
Who ne'er beyond their narrow circle stray

Without confusion, and a labyrinth find,
Yet loudly boast with self-sufficient mind,
That they the oracles of truth can know—
Alone the source of happiness or woe.
So when at eve the sun has ceased to warm,
The tiny insect race in myriads swarm:
"'Twas we," they cry, "who check'd the glare of light;"
Then buz in triumph through congenial night.
But soon again Aurora gilds the sky,
And all the little tribes affrighted fly.

END OF PART V.

THE REPROOF OF BRUTUS.

PART VI.

PART VI.

Appeal to the Bench of Bishops—Archbishop of Canterbury—Bishop of London—His Cambridge prizes—Refuses the use of St. Paul's Cathedral for the development of moral truth — Rev. Wm. Wilson—Description of Infant Schools—Suppresses the name of Mr. Owen—Bishop of Norwich—Atticus admonishes the Author to be less violent.

THE REPROOF OF BRUTUS.

PART VI.

"Quid prohibetis aquis? usus communis aquarum:
Nec solum proprium natura, nec aëra fecit,
Nec tenues undas. Ad publica munera veni.
Quæ tamen ut detis supplex peto."

OVIDII Metamorph. Lib. 6.

AUTHOR.

WHERE shall I wander next in anxious search
Of cures for poverty?—I'll seek the Church.*

---

* "Les prêtres des dieux ne sont que les trésoriers des pauvres; vous en êtes les bienfaiteurs."—FLORIAN.

ATTICUS.

No class escapes your lash ; you censure all
With so much spleen—your pen seems dipt in
gall.

AUTHOR.

Then pass me honey-dew ; for ere I greet
The Reverend Bench, the verse must flow more
sweet.

ATTICUS.

Be careful now : you tread on treacherous
ground ;—
Where many a hapless disputant has found
Odium theologicum,' in fiery zeal,
Destroy his peace, and make him sharply feel
A wounded spirit, and a branded name—
For wanting faith, your morals they defame.*

* " As men will no longer suffer themselves to be led blindfold in ignorance, so will they no more yield to the vile

AUTHOR.

But know you not how firm my faith is
fix'd—
With no vile superstitious notions mix'd?
My morals, too, will scrutiny endure—
They've always proved so very, very pure.
Deem me not vain, for all these feelings spring
From Nature's source: into this world we bring

---

principle of judging and treating their fellow creatures, not according to the intrinsic merit of their actions, but according to the accidental and involuntary coincidence of their opinions. The Great Truth has finally gone forth to all the ends of the earth,—THAT MAN SHALL NO MORE RENDER ACCOUNT TO MAN FOR HIS BELIEF, OVER WHICH HE HAS HIMSELF NO CONTROL. Henceforward, nothing shall prevail upon us to praise or to blame any one for that which he can no more change, than he can the hue of his skin, or the height of his stature."—*Inaugural Discourse of Henry Brougham, Esq., M.P., on being installed Lord Rector of the Glasgow University.*

Our various passions—so 'tis boldly said.—
Has Dr. SPURZHEIM ever felt your head?

ATTICUS.

Never: for on Necessity, 'tis fear'd,
The science of Phrenology is rear'd;
And in the Church may make a schism wide—
Materialism being near allied.
Digress no more; for see, the Bishops wait
To hear your saucy Muse her grievance state.
Now mind my caution.—

AUTHOR.

To be mild I'll try:—
"Most potent, grave, and reverend Seigniors," I
With great humility and awe approach—
To speak with freedom, but without reproach:
Just from the country come, a simple boy,
Not with offensive questions to annoy;—

But state my case, and humbly crave advice,
Before deceitful sophists shall entice
My faltering footsteps from the paths of truth,
And lead astray my unsuspecting youth.
I've seen their verses; and they say, my Lords—
But hold!—'tis treason to repeat their words.
I've learnt my Catechism, and I often read
The Holy Bible, where it is decreed
That Man should all his fellow-beings love:
This is the precept I so often strove,
While we such splendour in our great ones see,
To reconcile with wide-spread misery.
Our village Curate—may God bless the man!—
With sixty pounds does all the good he can:
He bade me mind by betters, read my book,
And to another world with patience look:

But still I thought that e'en this world would
shine,
If follow'd out in all its grand design,
The Christian scheme;—and then I heard that
you
Were spiritual directors of the few *

* The profound silence that appears to reign on the Bench of Bishops, whenever the distresses of the poor were brought before the consideration of the House of Lords, has never been satisfactorily accounted for. When the Earl of Darnley moved for a Committee to inquire into the state of Ireland, May 1, 1828, he read some well-authenticated accounts of misery in Ireland, of the most heart-rending description, and introduced the following strong appeal:—"I am convinced, my Lords, that at this very moment many unhappy persons perish in that kingdom from actual want. Is it possible, then, that I am speaking in a civilised and Christian country, when, with these dreadful facts before our eyes, I am told that I am opening a store of grievances —a shop of grievances? Why, Ireland has been a bazaar

Who govern all, and could prevent distress,
If of the land they were content with less.
For strange it seem'd, where man received his birth,
He should not be allow'd one inch of earth.
As this is covetous, unchristian too—
For explanation I am come to you.
But with your kind permission I'll disclose
One, among other questions, that arose
When at our village club we made out lists
Of men to fight as dexterous pugilists:

well stocked with grievances for many years past. Am I speaking in an assembly of Christians? I found your Lordships, on a late occasion, very anxious to declare yourselves Christians, and will you now see your fellow-Christians starving? Will you call yourselves the followers of the blessed Jesus, who taught you to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked; and who spent his whole life in going about to do good?"

The clergy deem'd it prudent to resort
To mild remonstrance, and to end our sport.
And yet, when pistols at the heads are aim'd,
Or lives are lost, or limbs severely maim'd—
Religious zeal no Bishop's voice inspired,
Though WELLINGTON at WINCHILSEA had fired.

* It is related of the eminent surgeon, M. Boudon, that he was one day sent for by the Cardinal Dubois, prime minister of France, to perform a very serious operation upon him. The Cardinal, on seeing him enter the room, said to him, "You must not expect, Sir, to treat me in the same rough manner as you treat those poor miserable wretches at your hospital of the Hôtel-Dieu." "My Lord," replied M. Boudon, with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your Eminence is pleased to call them, is a prime minister in my eyes."

—Multi
Committunt eadem diversa crimina fato;
Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.

JUVENAL.

Enlighten me with one celestial ray,
And your petitioner will ever pray.

ATTICUS.

Be silent now—suspend your sly surmises,
For see the LORD OF CANTERBURY rises.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

In ancient times a Mantuan left his home
Mid verdant fields, to see Imperial Rome;
Err'd in contrasting smaller things with great—
The city differing from the pastoral state:
And in like manner you have err'd, my lad,
To think that Peers and common people had
The same pretensions, or the same controul,
To guard the body or to save the soul;—
That we o'er each possess'd an equal power
T' avert the dangers of an evil hour.

Now mark the difference: you must understand,
The Church and Government go hand in hand;—
That King, and Lords, and Commons, all might sink,
If at some venial faults we did not wink:
And as the Lords themselves enact the laws,
With them 'tis needful to make common cause.
We owe them gratitude, who gave us all—
The mitre, crook, and comfortable stall.
Our duties, too, enjoin a rigid course
Of virtue, springing from a heavenly source.
But chief that precept hold we in esteem,
Which taught obedience to the power supreme,
'Render to Cæsar all of Cæsar's things;'—
That text harmonious to the ear of kings;
Useful to all, if people would obey,—
Taxes and tithes without reluctance pay;

And with submissive patience humbly wait,
To see all righted in a future state.

AUTHOR.

But 'tis so natural, my Lord, on earth,
For fallen man to seek a better birth.
When all in each profession strive to rise
To heights that glitter e'en beneath the skies,—
If those with ample riches still aspire,
May not the poor man struggle to get higher?—
Above the reach of want, and dire distress—
While upon him all other classes press?
If for ambition's sons there's some excuse,
Why not for him who suffers this abuse?
I grant the wholesome truth—that sweet content
A blessing is—but still a duty meant
For every man; but surely not the least
For him who daily shares an ample feast.

The higher wealth exalts the scornful head,
Wider beneath is abject misery spread ;
And those on whom the loftiest honors grow,
Heed not the sorrows in the vale below.
Again, my Lord,—this I was early taught—
If I am wrong, excuse the simple thought:—
Religion, I supposed, with wise intent
Supremely reign'd in every government ;—
Enjoin'd mankind, amidst their wrongs and woes,
To practise virtue, and forgive their foes.
Think, then, with what surprise I heard (or rather—
For I was then too young,—it was my father)
Thanksgivings offer'd for a battle's gain,
Without one word about the thousands slain ;—
The widows, orphans, the distressing cries
Of dying slaves, whose wrongs had reach'd the skies,

And made the saints and angels blush to view
Christians with brothers' blood their hands im-
brue.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

So well united are high Church and State,
That after councils rise from grave debate,
Prelates presume that justice held the scales,
Whatever argument at last prevails;
And none but those, who 're righteous overmuch,
A point so delicate would like to touch.
Though Christian Churches reach to both the
poles,
Ours is the duty here,—the cure of souls.
Beyond these Isles it takes no wider scope;
And as to others, you must ask the Pope,
Why holy wars in pious zeal began,*
And made the Christian even less than man;

* When Henry II. applied for the consent of the Pope to his descent upon Ireland, his Holiness sent him a bull

And should the Pope a prudent answer give,
The system may a little longer live.

AUTHOR.

Religious love I always held sublime,
And boundless too—the same in every clime:

for that purpose, in which he says, "You have advertised us, dear son, of your intended expedition into Ireland, to reduce that people to the obedience of the Christian faith; and that you are willing to pay for every house a yearly acknowledgment of one penny to St. Peter, promising to maintain the right of those churches in the fullest manner. We therefore, being willing to assist you in this *pious* and *laudable* design, and consenting to your petition, do grant you full liberty to make a descent upon that island, in order to enlarge the borders of the Church, to check the progress of *immorality*, and to promote the spiritual happiness of the natives: and we command the people of that country to receive and acknowledge you as their sovereign lord; provided the rights of the churches be inviolably preserved, and the *Peter-pence* duly paid."

But now I see it varies as the case is,
And is a different thing in different places;
Not e'en extending to a neighbouring quarter,
When the division is—a little water. *

ATTICUS.

Restrain your Pegasus with timely curb,
Nor thus their Lordships' dignity disturb:
Sarcastic arguments will prove too weak,
Since LONDON's Bishop now essays to speak.

* An opposition of interests, under the existing system, sometimes renders the subject of prayer too partial even in the same parish. " A clergyman in a small village west of Doncaster, whose name was Marshall, a man of ancient simplicity, though not of ancient wisdom, was asked by one of the farmers in the village, during a very dry summer, to pray for rain, to which he replied with some warmth, " Do you think I would do such a thing when my good friend, Mr. Staniforth, has all his hay out!"—BURDON'S *Materials for Thinking*, V. ii. p. 421.

AUTHOR.

Profound theology I ne'er could plumb;
Questions polemic always strike me dumb.
Unlike MELANCTHON at the German Diet,
Who, arm'd with logic and with deep—

ATTICUS.

Be quiet.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

Had you, young man, within your parish bound
Confined your thoughts, nor trod on sacred ground,
These weightier matters left to higher powers,
Then had you still enjoy'd the rural hours;
Nor dared assail those ramparts which intrench
The snug enjoyments of this tranquil bench.

AUTHOR.

I should regret, if this uncouth harangue
Cause to the Reverend Bench the slightest pang.
I came not forth to raise an humble name,
Or ask unmeaning sounds of dubious fame;
For who with any judgment now would seek
The vain applauses of an age so weak?
Some truths important I desired t' unfold,
That genius might the sacred cause uphold;
Then, when success should all my labours greet,
Return rejoicing to my blest retreat.
Unlike your favorite Æschylus* I live,
Careless to whom the flattering prize they give;

* At the Athenian games, in which the tragic poets tried their skill, the youthful Sophocles brought his first performance to the theatre. The dignity of the judges caused an extraordinary emulation among the candidates. Sophocles

If Sophocles succeed, or high reward
To Blomfield's* splendid talents they award—
Too happy if those talents I engage
To aid the people, and their griefs assuage.
But say, my Lord, on that auspicious day,
When high in rank you bore the palm away,
Were all your triumphs o'er the standers-by
Embitter'd not by disappointment's sigh,
From those who, wasted by laborious toil,
Debarr'd from rest, consumed the midnight oil,
For months, perhaps for years, on honors bent,
But to whom Nature had less genius lent?

gained the prize; at which Æschylus was so much grieved that he could no longer remain at Athens, but retired in anger to Sicily, where he died.

* Dr. Blomfield, the present Bishop of London, had several Academical honors conferred upon him at Cambridge, and subsequently published a classical edition of the Greek poet Æschylus.

Or were you, by the joys that swell'd your
breast,
Much too elated to regard the rest?
Felt not your heart some kind of inward
birth—
Some faint emotion of superior worth?
So faint, indeed, I scarce can find its term—
An early shooting of ambitious germ;
I'm far from meaning sarcerdotal pride,
But yet a something distantly allied;
Feeling, as all compeers you soar'd above,
Not quite in unison with Christian love.
If so, these golden medals must impart
An impulse baneful to the youthful heart:
Envy and jealousy in some excite.
And foster arrogance, in learning's spite.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

This proves how useless all reformers are,
Without a College education's care:

Bred in your village schools alone, 'tis clear,
Or you had ne'er such notions crude brought
here;
In history ignorant, to you unknown
How high on emulation's wings have flown
The sons of learning, and what fruits abide
The ardent longings of becoming pride.

AUTHOR.

A pride call'd laudable by those who mix
Their truth with error, and on neither fix.
They say, abstractedly the first is right,
Though sometimes prudence should exclude the
light:
They say, abstractedly the last is wrong,
Though some concessions to these times belong.
But error, in every case, as wrong I view,
And humbly think that truth is always true.
My thoughts you under-rate, since all I know
Came from where neither Cam nor Isis flow.

But though not heedless of scholastic lore,
I've studied yet the book of Nature more;
And seen that Learning might in Love confide,
Without the smallest particle of pride:
For do the body's appetites require
Impulse more strong than natural desire?
Never in health;—and only, when the mind
By injudicious treatment is confined,
Thwarted and bent in uncongenial course,
Loses its pleasures and its native force;—
Demands new motives to excite its power,
To gather knowledge from the passing hour.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

If village lads their betters must instruct,
Needless for us the Clergy to induct:
Your bold presumption will afford to those
Who education of the poor oppose,
Reasons conclusive to withhold their aid,
When they perceive our precepts disobey'd,—

And see, with jealousy's augmented fears,
Peasant boys lecturing in the House of Peers."

AUTHOR.

My Lord, repentance now will come too late,
To mend their error or our zeal abate:
The pow'r of knowledge is already felt,
And mark'd—th' injustice that to us is dealt.
A quiet revolution steals along,
Gently awak'ning the too dormant throng.
But ere this knowledge pass an early morn,
I'm come your Lordship's ancient house to
warn,—
That prudence may against the change provide,
And give resistless power its safest guide.
There is a social project widely spread,
By which the people, if with judgment led,
Will with new wealth themselves and children
bless,
And leave the wealthy what they now possess;

Since, from the class whence wealth alone has
sprung,
All but a scanty pittance has been wrung.
But as some superficial reasoners deem
This able plan a visionary scheme,
Science must rise, and all the truths restore
Of PLATO, BACON, HARRINGTON, and MORE.
To give the world a more extensive view
Of the grand scheme, and every mind imbue
With thoughts more elevate, of wider range,
That all with one consent desire the change;
For this great end, I urge but one request,
And hope, my Lord, you 'll grant the high
behest.

* The Republic of Plato, the Atalantis of Lord Bacon, the Oceana of Harrington, and the celebrated Utopia of Sir Thomas More, were each founded upon a principle of united interests, and were all admirable productions for the respective periods in which they were written.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

Your scheme advances one peculiar claim;
Since it forbears with bold or crafty aim
To trench on privilege—with rude hand to touch
Those whom revilers say have now too much:—
With this reserve, I laud your grateful task,
And willingly concede whate'er you ask.

AUTHOR.

A thousand thanks await your gracious boon,
Through which our miseries may be finish'd soon,
Idols deceitful from their base be hurl'd,
And Truth triumphant reign throughout the world.
To herald forth this truth with high eclat,
And send its glories to each realm afar,

In solemn fanes it should be loud proclaim'd,
And first in that in Albion's isle most famed;
Whose spacious courts afford extended room
For crowds assembled 'neath its lofty dome;
Where music's power can aid the truth sublime,
And joyful voices hail the end of crime.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

A like request I once before refused;
For sacred temples can be only used
For holy purposes :—who framed the scheme
Which you so good and efficacious deem?

AUTHOR.

OWEN his name: on firm unerring ground
Of long experience are his maxims found;
Surpassing, therefore, theories untried,
Or systems with uncertainty allied.

The factory he gave a sacred rule; *
With him originates the Infant School.†

* Children at New Lanark, under Mr. Owen's superintendance, (and I believe it is still the regulation of that establishment,) were not received into the mills under ten years of age; and then were employed for the first two years only half the day, the other half being devoted to the schools. It was through his instrumentality that a Bill was passed prohibiting the employment of children under nine years of age, or for more than twelve hours in the day, in cotton and other manufactories. He endeavoured to have the hours limited to ten, and the prohibition of employment extended to all under twelve years of age.

† Great exertions are now making to deprive Mr. Owen of the reputation of having discovered the principle of education adopted in the Infant Schools when rightly constituted, by ascribing its origin to a German who lived in the last century. But the indiscriminate lovers of antiquity, and the opponents of all innovation, may both carry their researches to a far more distant period; for so long since as

BISHOP OF LONDON.

Wilson's description I have read with care.
Nor found that name, nor any other, there.

the days of Terence, persuasion in lieu of coercion was recommended.

"Pudore et Liberalitate liberos
Retinere, satius esse credo, quam metu."

But to Mr. Owen, if we may form an opinion from his general character, it would be perfectly immaterial to whom the honor of the discovery was awarded, provided mankind enjoyed the benefit of the improvement, and if a knowledge of his success in former instances did not insure the attention of the public to other measures of general utility. Let not the Infant School, as generally established throughout the country, be mistaken for that of which the model was first formed at New Lanark, where no sectarian doctrines were presented to the minds of children before they had acquired the power of judging for themselves. As Phædrus justly remarked: "Præjudicata opinio judicium obruit:" nor can the accomplished scholar, or the most acute philosopher,—

AUTHOR.

I know not why his name should be con-
ceal'd,
But in that volume it is not reveal'd.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

Whate'er the reason, WILSON, we are sure,
Is sway'd by prudent motives—just and pure;

entirely emancipate themselves from those predilections that are formed in the early association of ideas.

* "The System of Infants' Schools," by the Reverend William Wilson, A. M. Vicar of Walthamstow; one of the best works on the *mechanism* of the Infant School that has yet appeared, but one in which the original principle is entirely abandoned, by the attempt to instruct children in doctrines above their comprehension. Until the cause is satisfactorily explained, there appears to be a want of candour in the suppression of Mr. Owen's name in a work on this subject.

Perhaps the author to some sect belongs,
And by his creed the Church of England
wrongs.

AUTHOR.

His creed I know not—

BISHOP OF LONDON.

Then I must decline.

AUTHOR.

Good are his acts—

BISHOP OF LONDON.

But is his faith divine?

AUTHOR.

Divinely bright his deeds renown'd have shone,*
And all compeers into the shade have thrown.

* Mr. Owen subscribed 1000*l.* to the Lancasterian School Society, and 500*l.* to that of Dr. Bell. He offered to—

The shame and glory of a faltering age,
He stems the torrent of sectarian rage;—
To party fury gives the final blow,
And makes the friends of truth with rapture
glow.
No honest Christian can his scheme condemn—*
His faith belongs to God, and not to them.

double the amount of the latter contribution, provided the committee would consent to extend the benefits of their system to the children of all religious denominations. He expended at least 4000*l.* in holding public meetings, and in the distribution of books and newspapers, in 1817. But his annual expenditure in promoting the cause of humanity since he has been before the public has been such, as nothing but a thorough conviction of the truth of his system would have justified.

* "Je suis loin de te prêcher l'ingratitude et l'oubli des dieux. Honore-les, Numa, tu le dois: mais honore-les en servant les hommes. Laisse à la piété mal éclairée les

Compare his rules with those that Jesus taught;
Let both the systems to this test be brought;—
That which your Reverend Bench defends with
zeal,—
And that, who once has seen must warmly feel.

ATTICUS.

Were BATHURST here, an advocate you'd find,
Who not to truth, though new discover'd, blind,
Because projectors, to deceit unknown,
No faith profess'd congenial with his own.

AUTHOR.

Would he were present; but, alas! his years
Are too advanced to rouse oppressors' fears;
Or aid the sons of freedom, while they wrench
Some form repulsive from the cautious Bench.*

puériles pratiques qu'elle seule a inventées; observe de ta religion les grands préceptes qu'elle enseigne."—FLORIAN.

* Not long since a Mr. Alexander, during the performance of his marriage ceremony at Yarmouth, delivered a

Thou faithful shepherd of a boundless fold,
Who strove the cause of justice to uphold,—
Though not less mindful of the sacred charge,
Exalted views thy gifted mind enlarge;
Exclusive interests soaring far above,
O'er the whole globe extends thy Christian love.*

protest against the form according to the Church of England. The protest was forwarded to Dr. Bathurst, the venerable Bishop of Norwich, who replied in the following terms:—

"Your remarks upon the form of solemnisation of matrimony in the Liturgy of the Established Church, appear to be satisfactory; and I would gladly give my reasons for thinking so, in the House of Lords, did not the infirmities of age remind me, in a manner not to be mistaken, that I am near the end of my journey to that country where they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

* And such was also the enlightened Christianity of Dr. Watson, late Bishop of Llandaff, whose sermon preached before the University of Cambridge contains the following

Once more, my LORD OF LONDON, I appeal
To you, who for afflicting want must feel,
Seeing its ravage come so near, of late,
Your Christian flock at ancient Bishopsgate.
Once more I do beseech you, grant my prayer,
And guard those truths with your especial care;

eloquent passage: "Christianity, in its regards, steps beyond the narrow bound of national advantage in quest of universal good. It does not encourage particular patriotism in opposition to general benignity; or prompt us to love our country at the expense of our integrity; or allow us to indulge our passions to the detriment of thousands. It looks upon all the human race as children of the same father, and wishes them equal blessings: in ordering us to do good, to love our brethren, to forgive injuries, and to study peace; it quite annihilates the disposition for martial glory, and utterly debases the pomp of war."

Truths that to wretchedness relief will give,
And with despairing nations earlier live;—
On healing wings shall fly from clime to clime,
And end contention, poverty, and crime.
Will you for once a rigid rule forego,
And grant the use of your Cathedral?

BISHOP OF LONDON.

NO!

ATTICUS.

'Tis time we left, for your incautious words
Are too familiar for the House of Lords.
Whenever these petitions you indite,
They should be couch'd in phrases more polite.
They're not accustom'd here to homely truth,
Much less from one whose inexperienced youth
May want discretion to correct his zeal,
When he presumes to mend the commonweal.
With self-possession you must still regard
The noble presence, and a watchful guard

Place on your courtly manners, or you'll
pass
For one belonging to another class.
The Barons' nerves are strung so very fine,
They're almost like the math'matician's line;
And as they cannot bear the slightest jar,
Tread softly, or our fondest hopes you'll mar:
For if on them your truths are rudely thrust,
They'll turn away in dignified disgust.
I wonder you've received so much attention,
Such explanation, and such condescension.
Th' insinuations, and the hints you bring,
Are heard from no one here except LORD
KING.
This is a grand preserve, and your encroaching
Will be deem'd worse, I fear, than even poach-
ing.
Let us be gone, and try what other field
More licenced game your sportive muse may
yield.

I hope LORD WHARNCLIFFE overhears me not,
Or he'll inquire if you've a licence got. *

* We have heard their Lordships' competency to the consideration of details sometimes called in question; but the following extract proves that there are occasions upon which they can descend to very minute distinctions, and display wonderful legislative discrimination. A future age will scarcely believe the fact, that these Lords are themselves the chief cause of those crimes upon which they sit in deliberation. If they are in reality the origin of these delinquencies, who ought to be imprisoned, the Noble Lord, or the poacher?

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.—"My Lords, I think it very desirable that the distinction should be drawn between the poacher who goes out alone, and those poachers who go out in gangs; but still I think my noble friend has gone to an extreme in his plan. I think it would be better to make the punishment for the first offence six months' imprisonment to hard labour; for the second offence, one year; and for a third offence, to leave the law as it now

AUTHOR.

My licence, tell him, is a British heart;
And I'll have justice ere I hence depart:
What! must I cringe and urge a humble suit,
In stating truths which no one dare refute?

stands; so that the judge might have a discretion as to the punishment to be inflicted."

THE EARL OF CARNARVON.—" Poachers cannot manage so well singly as when they go in pairs—one to carry the bag, the other the gun."

LORD TENTERDEN.—" It has been suggested to me, that we ought to substitute the word 'taking,' so, that the clause should stand thus—' or shall go out at night for the purpose of taking or destroying game or rabbits.'"

LORD WHARNCLIFFE.—" I am quite willing to have the word 'poaching' struck out, although I must confess that I did wish to see it introduced into legal language."

Debate on the Game Laws, May 6, 1828.

Must I, who strive an empire's wants to serve,
Pause lest I agitate a Viscount's nerve?—
Shall he, who glitters with a twinkling star,
A starving people from their bread debar?
Or he, who proudly wears a Gothic garter,
Presume their sacred liberties to barter?
Or he, who's garnish'd with a ribbon blue,
Think all the world will bend beneath the few?—
Alas! that Albion's sons, to live, must please
Lords who delight in trifling toys like these!

ATTICUS.

But has not MONTESQUIEU these trophies praised,
As needful honors ere a country's raised?

AUTHOR.

What! will you quote the theoretic page,
Nor let one striking fact your thoughts engage?

Henceforth those Statesmen who with judg-
ment rule,
Wisdom must gather from an Infant School;
Where little children prompt resign rewards
For full-grown children in the House of
Lords.

ATTICUS.

This violence suppress—be mild, be calm:
Such language only serves to breed alarm.
That useful maxim always keep in view,
That good alone can evil best subdue.
Can there be aught of good, when passions
rage?
Can reason then the people's grief asshage?—
When hostile parties vainly seek redress,
Convulsions sink them deeper in distress.
Though true it is that, from the dark beginning,
The people were more "sinn'd against than
sinning,"

Of late their conduct has brought down ap-
plause,
Because they've been obedient to the laws;
With patience all their sufferings endured,
Nor by inflammatory scribes allured.

AUTHOR.

Whether in tumult or in peace are borne
Their ills, their state is equally forlorn.*

* Labour is all the poor man has to give in exchange for the necessaries and comforts of life, of which he obtains less as the value of his labour is depreciated; and when it is altogether superseded, he is driven to want, contracts idle habits, and then is expected to be able to resist the force of circumstances, although we daily witness the failure of more cultivated minds under similar temptations. If destitution, disease, crime, punishment, and sometimes death,—if wretchedness of every description appear to be the almost inevitable result of a state of things beyond their control, how much is their condition to be commiserated! and how for-

A little praise awaits profound respect:
What have they gain'd besides ?—entire neglect.
Their silence is the weakness, do not doubt,
Of sick men's languor when their strength 's worn out:
And great ones think, when secret woe 's proclaim'd,
The tale of misery is by faction framed.
Patricians offer a seductive bribe
To all who to their selfish rules subscribe.
So many needs must yield, that few declare
Their honest thoughts, and what their feelings are:
Some are too proud, or poor, to be sincere,
Perhaps it costs an hundred pounds a year:

cibly does this reflection call to remembrance the words of the excellent Boerhaave, who never saw a criminal dragged to execution, without observing—" Who knows whether this man is not less criminal than me?"

'Tis deem'd more prudent to disguise, and seem
To pass in peaceful folly with the stream:
Yet cannot I to this base seeming stoop,
And join hypocrisy's degraded group.
Though frequent erring from my earliest youth,
Yet have I sought, with perseverance, Truth:
And shall I now—

ATTICUS.

Alas! how vain the hope,
To check those follies that were mark'd by Pope!
Or aid the cause a GOLDSMITH's muse has sung,
On Auburn's green, with lyre so sweetly strung!

AUTHOR.

What though I could not to the theme impart
A deeper int'rest, or more feeling heart?

Relief unknown—no bard could then do more,
Than the poor peasant's miseries deplore.
As yet had Science not that system found,
Whose sphere of good shall widen without bound.
To know this truth, and yet remain supine,
While millions in needless penury repine,
Might gain me friends among the thoughtless throng,
But wounded conscience would denounce it wrong.

END OF PART VI.

THE REPROOF OF BRUTUS.

PART VII.

PART VII.

Author and Atticus still in the House of Lords—Unexpected arrival of the King— Speech from the Throne—The Shade of Alfred appears to the King at Windsor—His Majesty's Commands to the Duke of Wellington—Admonition of the Peers—And final Commands for restoring Prosperity.

THE REPROOF OF BRUTUS.

PART VII.

"Heureux sans cesse le peuple qu'un sage roi conduit ainsi! mais encore plus heureux le roi qui fait le bonheur de tant de peuples, et qui trouve le sien dans sa vertu! Il tient les hommes par un lien cent fois plus fort que celui de la crainte, c'est celui de l'amour."—FENELON.

AUTHOR.

WHAT means this movement? All their Lordships rise
With looks and haste that indicate surprise.
Attendants richly clad some tidings bring:
But why so numerous?—ah! it is the King

The vacant throne with majesty ascends,
And with commanding grace his arm extends.

THE KING.

Peers of the realm and Ministers of state,
Such sad forebodings of our country's fate
Weigh on my mind—that, with existing woes,
The royal couch no longer yields repose.
Long since portentous rumours reach'd the
throne,
That discontented artisans alone
Assembled in tumultuous debate
On matters fraught with danger to the state.
It pain'd my heart if e'en they thus rebell'd—
That force was needful ere the storm was
quell'd:
For never lived, beneath benignant sway,
Subjects more prompt and willing to obey.
Witness the loyal greetings when I pass
Along the streets, and chiefly from that class

Whose disaffection you so often blame—
Their crimes, but not their wants, so loud proclaim.
Witness the pageantry, in Scotia's lands,
Of ancient chieftains and of highland bands;
Grave, but sincere, and studious to neglect
No mark of loyal duty or respect:
Witness those rapturous joys which hail'd their King—
Joys that from honest hearts alone could spring—
When Ireland's natives taught me first to feel,
The warm effusions of unbounded zeal:—
A free-born people, who, like children, strove
Less for a sovereign's than a father's love.
Those grateful scenes, long cherish'd in my heart,
And dear to memory, these truths impart,—
That want alone will disaffection breed,
And justice banish every evil deed.

Seeing that science has such wonders wrought,
To manual labour aid most potent brought;
Seeing such ample riches spread around,
Such varied means of happiness abound,
Why should stern misery afflict us more?
Why any ignorant, or any poor?
After long searching for the hidden source,
At last I found it in your selfish course;—
In yours, my Lords, who grasp too large a share
Of land and wealth—and leave the million bare.
To kings of loyalty you boast so loud—
In freedom's cause you next harangue the crowd:
But kings and people too are both deceived,
And both of happiness alike bereaved:
To serve your ends, the best of kings have bled;
For you the people lose their hard-earn'd bread.

'Tis true you tempt us with a larger share
Of wealth and power—but oh! how much of
care,
And cumbrous state, to make your honors blaze
With glare imposing for the people's gaze!
Then, for the guidance of our wealth and power,
Your factious contests leave no tranquil hour.
Tories, with scorn and supercilious pride,
Plebeian efforts to improve deride:
And Whigs, contending in the people's cause,
Are oft imperious in domestic laws;
United 'gainst the monarchy* alone,
Would many rulers substitute for one.

* There is extant an admirable letter from Helvetius to Montesquieu, in which he remarks: "La moitié de la nation s'enrichit de la misère de l'autre; la noblesse insolente cabale, et le monarque qu'elle flatte en est lui-même opprimé, sans qu'il s'en doute. L'histoire bien méditée en est une leçon perpétuelle. Un roi se crée des ordres intermédiaires; ils sont bientôt ses maîtres, et les tyrans de son peuple."

When princes first in youthful paths advance,
How many sycophants their steps entrance!
Perhaps your younger sons corrupt their hearts
With flattering promise, and insidious arts,
Meanly succumb, court favour, to secure
And gain some place—but chief the sinecure;
Oppressions thus upon the people bring,
And all the odium cast upon the King;
Who with loud clamours cannot fail to miss
The smallest portion of his subjects' bliss. *

* "Men are apt to think," says the excellent Archbishop Tillotson, "that they who are in the highest places, and have the most power, have most liberty to say and do what they please: but it is quite otherwise; for they have the least liberty, because they are most observed."

Pope Hadrian VI. ordered the following inscription to be placed upon his tomb: "Here lies Hadrian VI. who thought nothing in life more unfortunate, than that he was appointed to govern."

Peers with their wealth their first-born sons
invest,
A burthen'd nation must support the rest.
Some prop the system with God's holy word;
In the same cause see others wield the sword:
The active seek electors to delude;
And in the Commons, as their friends intrude,
At first for freedom floridly declaim,
To prove their powers and patriotic aim.
Ardent for liberty, the youthful fire,
Though bright it blazes, will at length expire.
A reputation 's gain'd, no pocket 's fill'd;
The bribe is proffer'd, and the storm is still'd.
But though, of all who cause the people's
grief,
Tyrannic Lords of sinners are the chief,—
Since they enact such baneful laws alone,
As bind securely all they deem their own;
Yet are there others whose o'erwhelming trade
The calls of justice equally evade;

Who, boasting fortunes that with yours can vie,
Regard the Peerage with an envious eye;
Striving in vain their origin to hide,
By softer manners and less awkward stride,
Those who a share of others' labours claim,
However small, yet still the sordid aim
Injustice marks, and the oppressive hour
Is bounded only by the want of power.

Such the result of all my thoughts of late,—
Adding fresh troubles to the cares of state.
At the last midnight's melancholy hour,
Hard by the lake, I sought my favorite bower.
To gain that needful boon—to muse alone—
So rarely found by those who mount a throne,
On all my people's hardships dwelt with grief;
Reflection still suggested no relief;—
Invoked the spirits of th' illustrious dead,
Whose skill through troubles had their country
led:

And as I call'd each name to justice true,
The noble form of ALFRED stood in view.
With aspect calm, with sweet enchanting voice,
Which to have heard e'en angels might rejoice,
These words of sage advice benignly flow'd,
And on my mind tranquillity bestow'd.
—'Hail mighty Monarch of the British realm!
Let not oppressive grief thy mind o'erwhelm:
Swaying the sceptre in a glorious age,
That mocks the records of th' historic page;—
For, not renown'd in warlike deeds alone,
The peaceful splendours too adorn thy throne.
Commerce from distant climes her treasures brings,
And wealth unbounded now from science springs:
But wealth your faithful subjects ne'er enjoy,
While Lords rapacious all their hopes destroy;
Rashly resolve to grasp a lawless power,
Till Revolution's dark and dangerous hour:

Contemptuous pride averts no threat'ning storm,
By timely yielding to a mild reform.
'Twas they who caused the martyr'd CHARLES to fall;
Their black ambition cast disgrace on Gaul;—
Dethroned a prince who sought his country's good;
And of their kindest monarch shed the blood.
In yon proud Castle, whose embattled tower
Sublimely rises in this solemn hour,—
Beneath their shrines the royal ashes rest
Of Kings whose reign this truth too well attest;
Unhappy victims of designing Peers,
Who bred 'twixt them and subjects groundless fears;—
O'er all mankind with domineering tower,
And end each contest with augmented power. *

* Que je méprise un Grand qui, fier de sa noblesse,
Dort inutile au monde, au sein de la mollesse;

Do thou, Great Prince, espouse the people's
cause—
Esteem their worth, and give them equal laws:
Then shall the virtues rise throughout the land,
And Man's superior faculties expand.
Bid weak Economists—that spurious race—
To able guides with nobler minds give place.
Think not that moral truths must needs perplex
With subtle reasoning, or with tomes complex;
Clear and refreshing like the morning's ray,
They gather brightness from advancing day;
Simple, though grand, for millions or for one,
Fix'd and unchanging as the glorious sun.
Command the Hero who now guides the helm—
Whose fame is known in many a distant realm,

Un stupide Crassus, énervé de langueur,
Qui fatigue mes yeux d'un luxe sans pudeur!
Nous admirons l'éclat; vains juges que nous sommes!
Le véritable honneur est d'être utile aux hommes.

THOMAS.

In arms unrivall'd, yet the friend of peace,
Whose public labours but with life will cease—
To weigh these truths himself, and, wise at length,
Rest with more firmness on his native strength.
Oft has he seen what numbers well combined
In war with ease perform: *—so shall he find

* "Men have not yet been trained in principles that will permit them *to act in union*, except to defend themselves, or to destroy others. For self-preservation, they were early compelled to unite for these purposes in war. A necessity, however, equally powerful, will now compel men to be trained to act together, to *create and conserve;* that in like manner they may preserve life in peace. Fortunately for mankind, the system of individual opposing interests, has now reached the extreme point of error and inconsistency. In the midst of the most ample means to create wealth, all are in poverty, or in imminent danger, from the effects of poverty upon others."—Owen.

Pow'r more efficient, when the willing heart
Shall prompt each man to act a brother's
part.'—
Lead on, brave WELLINGTON: the laurel now,
Entwined with olive, binds the victor's brow:
War's dire alarms and cries are heard no more,
From those who fathers, husbands, sons, deplore.
And shall not other lamentations cease,
In this productive hallow'd time of peace—
When an effectual remedy 's at hand,
To heal the wounds of an afflicted land?
On you sufficient power is bestow'd,
To give my people a superior code.
Doubt not your skill, but ask an honest heart
What truths impartial justice can impart.*

* Sans se piquer de posséder le talent d'administrateur, il avait une maxime qui rarement l'égarait: c'était de se mettre à la place de tous ceux dont il s'occupait. S'il faisait

And you, my Lords, I trust no more will bring
Disgrace on titles that from virtues spring.*
Your great precursors proved their noble blood
By deeds conducive to their country's good.†

une loi qui intéressât les laboureurs, il se supposaït laboureur. NUMA POMPILIUS.

* "And hence the origin of that phrase, 'a Person of Quality;' that is to say, a person distinguished from the vulgar by his valour, his wisdom, or some other capital accomplishment. As these were the primary sources of those external honours, paid to eminent men in precedencies, titles, and various other privileges; it followed that these honours by degrees grew to represent the things honoured; so that as Virtue led originally to Rank, Rank in after days came to infer Virtue."—HARRIS's *Hermes*. V. 3. p. 173.

† With all dutiful deference I must humbly, but positively, dissent from His Majesty's position: although some of their Lordships' genealogical trees have struck root in a

From this day forth the empire is apprized,
That nought but virtuous conduct will be prized.
The cumbrous forms, the gaudy pompous state,
Of birth obscure, and of far-distant date,—
Though useful once, plebeian minds to awe,
To fence around religious faith and law,—
In this enlighten'd age have lost their force,
And prove of ridicule a fruitful source.
But to avoid the sanguinary fate
Which erst befell a great and rival state,—
When they essay'd an empire to reform,
And make opposing interests conform,— *

soil fertile in good qualities, others have sprung up under circumstances upon which charity would enjoin silence.

* The excesses of the French Revolution are the darling theme of those who are for maintaining "things as they are;" that is to say, for retaining to themselves an ample share of wealth, and holding the great body of the people in perpetual bondage. The attempt to effect a change by

I charge each Peer, upon his own domain
To yield the poor some portion of the plain ;—

prematurely disturbing the complicated interests of a great nation, was fraught with danger, and led to its natural consequences, confusion and anarchy. Such are the times when men of desperate fortunes, hardened in crime, and endowed with popular talents, assume the garb of virtue, and speak the language of disinterestedness. Once possessed of power, they throw off their disguise, and then their designs stand exposed in their native deformity ; and because they had previously avowed themselves disciples of Rousseau, Condorcet, D'Alembert, and Volney, they are held up as examples of such characters as the principles of those celebrated writers were calculated to form. Hence Equality and Fraternity,—words which, in a peculiar manner, express the spirit of the Gospel—are, by singular distortion, repeated by those who pretend to extraordinary zeal for the interests of religion, as implying a sanguinary revolution. And thus it is that the names of those who were eminent for their talents and virtues have been confounded with the Barras, the Dantons, and the Robespierres. Whatever mistakes may

No private claims upon the land allow,
As endless miseries from that error flow.
A College for two thousand raise, and find
The soundest principles to form the mind.
Although adults afford but partial scope,
Infants encourage every sanguine hope.

Convinced I am, that, as LYCURGUS gave
To Spartans minds exalted, just, and brave,

have been committed by the French writers of the last century, it cannot be denied that considerable progress was made by them towards the discovery of just and practicable principles of society. The horrors of the revolution are to be attributed chiefly to the Noblesse, who, disregarding the wants of the people, and deaf to every proposal of amelioration, precipitated the destruction of the King, and the downfall of the state. The obstinacy, prejudices, and pride of the Aristocracy, would at the present time involve this country in similar calamities, if they were not compelled to yield to the force of public opinion.

With far more ease may judgment now devise,
And render all benevolent and wise:
For such the character by Nature's plan
Design'd as means of happiness for Man.
Let all the children be together train'd,
And each improving principle retain'd;
Whether derived from long-tried ancient rules,
Or from the skilful aims of modern schools:
Each parent will for other's offspring find
An equal impulse to improve the mind:
For these the dear companions of his own;
And vice will rarely dwell with one alone.
Hence all the children view, in those above,
Hundreds of watchful eyes—but eyes of love;
Their active minds to useful objects turn,
And early to assist each other learn:
Duty with pleasure then will be combined,
And early bias with affection bind.*

* There is much sound philosophy in the following observation of Bishop Butler:

Whatever aid from science is derived,
Will to their mutual succour be applied;
And menial service, now so vast that aid,
Is scarce required, with good arrangements made:

"By accustoming ourselves to any course of action, we get an aptness to go on—a facility, readiness, and often pleasure, in it. The inclination which rendered us averse to it, grows weaker: the difficulties in it, not only the imaginary, but the real ones, lessen; the reasons for it offer themselves, of course, to our thoughts upon all occasions: and the least glimpse of them is sufficient to make us go on in a course of action to which we have been accustomed. And practical principles appear to grow stronger, absolutely in themselves, by exercise; as well as relatively, with regard to contrary principles; which, by being accustomed to submit, do so habitually, and of course: and thus a new character, in several respects, may be formed; and many habitudes of life not given by nature, but which nature directs us to acquire."—Butler's *Analogy*, Part I. Chap. 5.

For every work so much abridged the hours,
That all must cultivate their mental powers;
Needless contention about wealth withdrawn,
Desire for riches of the mind will dawn. *
Behold the child, at length to manhood grown,
Knowledge and all the moral virtues own:

* "Quand l'homme est au-dessus du besoin, il ne lui reste plus que deux moyens de s'amuser—l'exercice de son génie, ou de sa vertu."—*Mélanges de Madame* NECKER.

Even now the desire for wealth for its own sake is less strong than is generally supposed. The avaricious man, prompted at first by the estimation in which riches are held, perseveres in accumulating his stores long after the original motive to aggrandizement had left him;—and can we suppose that the force of habit will be less influential when contracted in the pursuit of objects approved by the understanding, and interwoven with the best feelings of the heart?—Pride, envy, avarice, and anger, with all the bad passions, would not only be placed more under the dominion of reason, but their external excitements would be withdrawn.

Prompt at his call whate'er th' accomplish'd
mind,
Cheerful or studious, may wish to find;
For every science apparatus wrought,
With skill and beauty to perfection brought.
Museums, rich in products from all climes,
Or curious relics of far-distant times;—
Books in each language—lectures to enforce
And guide the learner in the happiest course.
Each will exclusively two rooms enjoy,
Where none can wish'd-for privacy annoy;
Delightful music fills the dining-hall,
Or in soft strains is heard at evening's fall;
Baths and gymnasia—all that leads to health,
And all that 's now confined to ample wealth:
And that which all transcends, nor wealth can
buy—
Of minds inform'd the warmest sympathy—
The city's with the country's joys combined,—
The fresh'ning breeze, and friends by taste
refined;—

The fragrant gardens, and the shady groves,
And e'en the haunts the lone enthusiast loves.
Painting and Sculpture too—nay, every art
That to th' observing can delight impart,
Will rise superior in its native soil,
Where minds congenial hail the artist's toil;
Attentive watch its progress and result,
And in success with sympathy exult. *
For all to Science' pleasures will incline,
Though each in some peculiar path may shine.
Hence a variety of talent springs—
Extends enjoyment, but no envy brings:
Unlike the boasted contrast now display'd
By want and folly—vice and ignorance made.

* "La peinture, la musique, la poësie, et toutes les autres divines productions de la curiosité et de l'industrie humaine, sont dans la société civile ce que les lis et les roses, les œillets et les anémones sont dans un verger plein de fruits où l'utilité est sagement jointe au plaisir des sens."—Patru.

And yet there are who say, this change is
fraught
With checks to action and exalted thought;—
Because they see abundance misapplied,
When to just views and habits unallied,
Conceive that man will ever be the sport
Of passions, or to indolence resort.
His wants supplied, no motive then imparts
Zeal to promote the sciences or arts.*
Has Man no other wants, than such as flow
From the mere animal?—what! none that grow

* It is a mistaken idea to suppose that none but unworthy motives can rouse into action the dormant powers of the mind. The ambitious, from the conspicuous station they hold in society, and the variety of individual interests that are affected by their movements, become objects of general notice. These characters are therefore most prominent in the page of history:—but men of science, and those who are devoted to philosophical inquiry, though far removed from public observation, are no less perseveringly active.

From mental culture?—none the mode to
please,—
For which he forfeits fortune, health, and ease?
And say, can Folly's reign alone excite
The stirring impulse, and from sloth invite?
When Wisdom constitutes the public mind,
A more unyielding def'rence shall we find;
When no reluctant sacrifice required
Of private comfort, or those tastes acquired *
Beneath scholastic and parental care,
In which the whole community will share.

* "But are children capable of conceiving adequate ideas of justice? This, I know, that if by the aid of a religious catechism we can engrave on the memory of a child, articles of faith that are frequently the most absurd, we might consequently, by the aid of a moral catechism, there engrave the precepts of an equity, which daily experience would prove at once useful and true."

HELVETIUS.

O! lame conclusion;—this alone the course
In which mankind can wield a giant force,—
Where noble energies, with constant aim,
The prize of virtue and of bliss can claim: *

* Gifted with faculties to explore the secrets of nature, and surrounded with objects fitted to employ those faculties, what can be more agreeable to the apparent destiny of man than that all should devote a portion of their time in acquiring a knowledge of the works of the creation? Yet how few are permitted, by the political order of society, to engage in these legitimate pursuits! A large proportion of mankind are doomed to poverty and comparative ignorance; the higher ranks are early initiated in artificial distinctions; and the middling classes are striving to escape from indigence, or to rival their superiors in fortune. Constituted as society at present is, individual gain must necessarily be the ruling principle of action. Hence ambition, pride, avarice, and many other moral disorders. These being effects naturally resulting from pre-disposing causes, are no illustration of what character human nature would exhibit,

Nor will be wanting elegance and grace;
On which a value you so justly place.
But candour then will higher charms impart,
Th' exterior prove an index of the heart.
Though truth ingenuous STANHOPE must condemn,
His flowers shall blossom on a healthier stem.
And, O my Lords, what generous pure delight
Will warm your hearts—how charm'd your raptured sight—

under arrangements where every inducement to the acquisition of wealth and to personal distinction would be withdrawn: but every instance that is recorded of individuals who have renounced a course in which the circumstances of society and the general conduct of mankind had propelled them, is a proof of a latent disposition in cultivated human nature to act upon nobler views.

When through your means superior minds have
birth,
And Man with dignity shall walk the earth!

THE END.



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